

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1871.

## The Week.

CONGRESS has been mainly occupied with debates on the Ku-klux legislation. Mr. B. F. Butler has made another speech, of the usual kind, in which he took the ground as broadly as possible, that policing the States was one of the duties of the General Government. It is needless to say that the formal adoption of this doctrine would rapidly bring about the repudiation by all the States of all responsibility for the security of their own citizens, and the assumption by the General Government of *all* the duties of government; and we should then have a totally new and highly centralized form of administration, which, when extending over such an enormous territory, and dealing with great masses of population, would have to be arbitrary, minute, highly organized, and rigidly disciplined—Caesarist, in short. A hundred years hence, when people asked how this monstrous body came to be substituted for the early confederated republic, they would be told that the people, being disgusted by local disturbances caused by the sudden accession of ignorant bodies of voters to the constituencies after the great rebellion, suddenly determined, in a fit of impatience, under the advice of a band of wild and reckless politicians, to abandon their constitution, and set up a system like that of France, which was at that moment engaged in the substitution of a "Universal Republic" for a sensual Empire. We cordially agree with the *Evening Post*, that we are about to witness now a desperate attempt on the part of a large number of political adventurers and corrupt speculators, by working on the humanitarian feelings of the Northern people, to prevent the restoration of peace and order by natural processes, and to protract the period of violence, arbitrary rule, and disregard of forms through which they have risen into notoriety and made money.

The great work of reforming the civil service, which the President recommended Congress to undertake, and which Congress in its turn authorized him to undertake, has just been pushed on by the sudden removal of Mr. Moses Grinnell from the post of naval officer of this port, and Mr. Palmer from that of appraiser. We believe the first intimation Mr. Grinnell received of his removal he got from the announcement in the morning papers that the name of his successor had been sent in to the Senate. The object of this way of doing things is, we believe, to prevent officials falling into that lethargy and stolid content so characteristic of the official classes among the down-trodden peoples of Europe. American officers, on the other hand, are kept in a state of healthy apprehension and uneasiness, which makes them frisky, active, and wide-awake, like the application of pepper or turpentine which dealers make to tender parts of their horses before showing their paces. No officer who goes home, as most American officers do, without feeling sure he will not find himself dismissed in the morning, can ever be a drowsy or sluggish man. What makes the present change the more striking is, that Mr. Palmer was, we believe, a very competent officer. His successor must of course be better, or the President would never have removed him.

The San Domingo Commission has not, at this writing, made its report, and all sorts of rumors are afloat as to what it is to be. It seems to be generally agreed that it will be long; but no matter how long it may be, it will fall far short of the requirements of Congress. The resolution which defined the range of the enquiry in which the Commission was to engage cut out work for about two years, and the result ought to fill two volumes at least of the size of the *American Encyclopedia*. In fact, one of the curious features of the Commission is the number of things it professes to have found out about a foreign island, with whose language the members are not familiar, in the short space of

four weeks. A good deal of ridicule has been heaped by critics on travellers who make a month's run through a foreign country, and then offer the world a full explanation of its leading social and political phenomena. Nevertheless, nearly all travellers who have ever done this have had a decided advantage over the San Domingo Commission, inasmuch as the natives have no interest in deceiving an ordinary traveller, and do not care enough about him to act a part before him. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine an investigation conducted under more unfavorable circumstances than that in which the Commission has been engaged; and there is, under all the circumstances, something very curious in the perfect confidence in the propriety of annexation with which Mr. Wade has come back.

What the President will do about the matter seems to be still uncertain. If the report is favorable to the scheme, of which there appears to be no doubt, some think he ought to and will at once write another message advocating the scheme still further. On the other hand, the serious division the matter has already produced in the party ranks seems a good reason for dropping it. But, after making all the fuss he has done, the President cannot safely drop it. To do so now, would present his first persistence in a very unfavorable light. If the plan be of such small consequence that he may fairly give it up now what are we to think of the judgment which for nearly two years has made it the leading, and indeed we may say the only, measure in the policy of the Administration? The President cannot decently abandon, in the third year of his term, an affair which he has thought worthy of his almost undivided attention ever since he took office, and no silence about San Domingo now can possibly heal the split in the Republican ranks.

The Republicans have probably carried Connecticut, electing the Governor and two, and perhaps three, members of Congress, but by an infinitesimal majority. Even this result, in spite of the discouraging condition of the party at Washington and the recent defeat in New Hampshire, is largely due to the discovery of an alliance between the Democratic candidate and "Boss" Tweed. The Republicans professed, a day or two before the election, to have discovered a telegram from English to Tweed, reminding him of promised aid in the shape either of repeaters or money. Of this English denied the authenticity, but he acknowledged communication with Tweed in the shape of requests for aid of some kind in the canvass. Now, Tweed does not enter into alliance with anybody for ordinary political reasons. He is not a party politician, and cares nothing about political ideas. All parties are to him simply means of making money, and any politician who applies to him for aid must know very well that he must make a return in the shape of fresh means of corruption. Nobody can get Tweed, for instance, to interfere in the politics of a neighboring State except as a means either of supporting his corruption in New York or spreading it to other legislatures and cities. He would be tempted by the chance of establishing "sub-rings" in New Haven and Hartford, but he cares nothing about the effect of the election otherwise. Consequently, it is fair to accuse Governor English, when he telegraphs for help to such men as Tweed and O'Gorman, of willingness to see the system which has reduced this city and State to their present degradation extended to Connecticut. The New York Ring have already made extensive inroads into Connecticut along the Sound. If they get much further, the State will be lost socially as well as politically.

The Board of Trade of Charleston met, we are glad to say, last week, to take into consideration the financial condition of the State; and of the composition of the meeting, the *Republican*, the radical organ, says it cannot be denied that those present "represented a large amount of the entire capital of Charleston;" and it predicts that the movement will spread "to other cities, towns, and communities" in the

State. The matter that brought the meeting together may be told in a few words. Here is the story, and very dismal it is:

The average taxes for ten years previous to 1860, were but	\$431,000 00
The year 1860 being only	392,000 00
The taxes for 1868 were	1,858,000 00
The taxable value of the property of the State in 1860	490,000,000 00
Taxable value in 1871	184,000,000 00

It will be perceived that in 1860 the taxes were not quite \$400,000 on a taxable basis of about \$500,000,000, whereas the taxes of 1868 amount to \$1,858,000 on a basis of only \$184,000,000, so that while the property of the State was reduced to one-third its former value, the taxes are increased nearly five hundred per cent.

It is true that this enormous increase is composed, in part, of money spent in reconstruction expenses, and perhaps some additional interest on the public debt.

1859. Expenses of the Legislature	\$51,000 00
1863. Expenses of the Legislature	270,000 00
1859. Executive expenses	5,000 00
1863. Executive expenses	40,000 00
1859. Civil expenses	97,000 00
1863. Civil expenses	218,000 00

And the legislative appropriations for the four months' session, which closed last month, amount to the enormous sum of \$325,000.

In the presence of this disgraceful and unprecedented state of things, the majority of the property-holders and taxpayers of the State are excluded from any share in legislation. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the meeting, after declaring that the taxes are corruptly raised and improvidently spent, and that the credit of the State has been pledged illegally, and that it is now proposed to pledge it for still further loans by a new issue of bonds, announced that the taxpayers and property-holders of Charleston will not hold these bonds binding, and will resist all taxation for the payment of them by "every legitimate means in their power." We add our warning to that of the meeting. It is impossible that the liabilities which the carpet-bag governments at the South are creating can be fairly met when society gets into its normal conditions, and any one who takes these new bonds not only helps to sustain a pack of great knaves in the enjoyment of their plunder, but takes a thoroughly bad security. The meeting arranged for the holding of a convention in May to discuss the subject still further, to be composed of two delegates from each county.

The meeting referred to and deplored the Ku-klux outrages as "occasional disturbances in some of the counties of the State," and said that "these violations of the public peace were the consequences of generous but unwise efforts to suppress the fraud and corruption of corrupt local rulers from parties who accept the Union and desire to obey the legitimate authority of the Federal powers." Now, it is just this kind of mild talk about shameful and barbarizing atrocities which prevents reform movements at the South from receiving more support at the North, and which enables unprincipled charlatans like Butler to make capital out of bills "for the protection of life and property at the South." We have no doubt there are among the Ku-kluxes some such persons as the resolutions describe, but in all such movements, human nature being what it is, the real reformers must be a very small body, and the unmitigated robbers and cutthroats a large one; and this is why decent and intelligent men bear almost any evils sooner than attempt redress by force of arms. In the very paper in which this meeting is reported, we find an account of the brutal murder of a highly respectable and wealthy old doctor, seventy years of age, a South Carolinian to boot, a large land-holder and tax-payer, and who had no more to do with carpet-baggers than with communists. He was called out of his bed in the night, and shot simply because he was a Republican. As long as things of this kind occur and meet with nothing but mealy-mouthed censure from Southern conservatives, it will be impossible for calm and moderate men at the North to do much to help them.

The Sub-Committee of the Methodist Book Concern is doing nobly in the matter of not finding an expert to examine its books, and see whether, as is charged, its agents and employees have been swindling. It has been sitting for weeks, and found nobody who will do. The fact

is, its standard about experts is very high. It would never do to let a common, worldly, sinful accountant overhaul the books of the church. He has to be "altogether lovely," and accountants of this kind are rare. In the meantime, the vile secular papers go on lying about the Sub-Committee in the most disgraceful way. They keep saying, for instance, that the Sub-Committee does not want an accountant. Judge Fancher writes to say that they have "unanimously nominated J. P. K. as chief accountant," but the rest of the Committee wanting to have two assistant accountants appointed also at the same time, Judge Fancher refused "to approve of them by the bulk;" that is, appoint all three together. He wishes to weigh them separately—so there is a dead-lock. Judge Fancher says the other side is to blame. Of course it is. Our advice to the Judge is not to give in. Never "approve" of experts "by the bulk." In the meantime, our friend, Dick Connolly, the City Comptroller, who has not published his account for two years, must chuckle over the growing dexterity of professed Christians in preventing suspicious books from being overhauled. We begin to fear that the Sub-Committee will yet turn up in high places in the City Tax Office.

Commissioner Pleasanton, if he cannot kill the income-tax, has certainly managed to take the life out of it. He rules that under the statute no man need give the particulars of his income, or answer any questions about it. All that is required of him is a statement of the gross amount and the taxable amount. Moreover, persons whose income is under \$2,000 need not take any notice of the assessor or collector at all; and, more important still, persons whose tax was not withheld by corporations paying coupons and dividends last year are to be allowed to return as if it had been withheld. There can be little doubt that these modifications are the result of careless legislation, and they make the further retention of the tax positively ridiculous. Congress might as well now finish it—particularly as a powerful movement is on foot, here and in Philadelphia, to procure its abolition as unconstitutional, by a judgment of the courts. If the association formed in New York gets the injunction for which they talk of applying, it will probably not leave money enough in the tax to pay the expense of collection, if, indeed, any further collection is attempted.

Among the "testimonials" of the week is a gigantic bouquet to James Fisk, Jr., presented by a circle of admirers on his thirty-sixth birthday. Among the donors are found the names of John Chamberlain, the noted Twenty-Fifth Street gambler, and, we are sorry to say, Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, Mr. Field's partner. If Mr. Shearman's name has been put there without his authority, as we would fain believe, he owes it to public decency to repudiate it; if he has put it there himself, he owes the public some kind of explanation. Does the defense of him in the courts involve the expression of admiration of Fisk in private? Does Mr. Shearman really think it a good thing for the world that Fisk was born thirty-six years ago? and does he really mean to say that Fisk's career entitles him to public marks of esteem from honorable members of society?

The unusually heavy importations of foreign merchandise, which for the last week reached the extraordinary sum of nearly twelve millions of dollars at this port alone, have enabled Secretary Boutwell to show another large reduction on the national debt, the excess of income over expenditure amounting to a trifle over eleven millions of dollars for the month of March. The total receipts from customs alone, about eighteen millions of dollars at all the ports, enabled the Treasury to meet all its ordinary expenses, amounting for the month to about thirteen millions, and to have five millions to spare. These, with about six millions from internal revenue, and other sources, have reduced the debt about eleven millions, mainly in the shape of bonds purchased at the weekly Treasury offerings in this city. The announcement of the Secretary of his operations for April proves that he is not to be swayed from the conservative course which he has marked out for himself from the beginning. In spite of the temptation to use a large portion of his idle coin balances in buying bonds now (as we have repeatedly urged



in other times), and thus aiding his funding operations, he has wisely adhered to his programme of last month, and only proposes to sell his monthly surplus, recognizing that any momentary advantage to be derived from a different course would be more than lost by the appearance of artifice. The funding has received a decided impetus during the week, and, so far, has largely exceeded our anticipation. The amount of bonds exchanged exceeds fifty millions.

On Tuesday, March 28, two days after the election, the Paris Commune was proclaimed in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. Salvoes of artillery were fired, and speeches were made from a platform covered with red cloth, which were not heard, but enthusiastically applauded by enormous crowds—the red cloth, we suppose, producing the principal effect. On the same day, the Sub-Central Committee, which had replaced the Central Committee of the insurrection, ordered the formation of twenty-five battalions of infantry and fifteen mitrailleuse batteries for active service, and of twenty batteries of reserve artillery. Generals Duval and Bergeret, charged with organizing the infantry and cavalry respectively, were empowered to make all needed requisitions. The National Guards were allotted two francs and a-half daily in addition to their rations. The Bank of France was persuaded—if this be the term—to make the necessary advances, and a number of officials in the Department of Finance were dismissed “for disobedience.” Two members of the Committee itself were thrown into prison, and another, according to report, condemned to death “as a Bonapartist.” The Postal Director was summoned to surrender his functions to an appointee of the Commune, but refused, and the affair resulted in the total disorganization of the service. The judicial benches were deserted, all the judges having fled. The workshops were without hands. A general exodus of the wealthier people began. But the red flag waved gaily over the public buildings, and “Paris was quiet.”

On Thursday, General Duval submitted to the Sub-Central Committee a proposition for the disarmament of those portions of the National Guard which had not declared their adherence to the Commune. M. Assy, the great “International,” deemed the measure unnecessary, as the Republic “formed a Committee of Public Safety,” ready to mete out death to all conspirators, and thus—as he wisely opined—ran no danger from its opponents. And, in fact, the Sub-Central just then passed sentence of death upon Wilfred Fonvielle for being engaged in an attempt against the existence of the Commune; or, possibly, for being suspected of such an attempt, as Wilfred's brother, Ulric Fonvielle—once the companion of Victor Noir on his fatal errand to Pierre Bonaparte—was at the same time reported to be organizing a large body of loyal Guards at St. Germain. General Duval, whose proposition was not carried, was authorized to ferret out and arrest all enemies of the new régime. The Sub-Central also appointed an Executive Committee, composed partly of heroes of the sword, like Duval, Bergeret, and Endes, and partly of newspaper heroes, like Pyat and Vaillant, of whom the former once offered a prize, in his paper, for the assassination of King William, and the latter, in the present *Journal Officiel* of Paris, now urges the assassination of the Duc d'Aumale.

A few hours later, however, the Sub-Central and its offspring, the Executive Committee—if the genesis of the latter, as reported, be correct—remitted their powers to the regular Communal Council, and a proclamation announcing the fact was issued. The Commune, thus solemnly installed, but holding its sittings in secret, and inspired by Blanqui from his “hiding-place,” established a new Executive Committee, composed of several obscure men besides the renowned Flourens, Pyat, Endes, and Delescluze. The last-named had resigned his seat in the National Assembly. Pyat, however, who declared it dissolved when he abandoned it, at the same time declaring his determination to remain its member, seems to cling to all his titles. New decrees were now rapidly issued in succession. Conscription was abolished, the introduction into Paris of any military force but Na-

tional Guards prohibited, and every able-bodied citizen ordered to enter the Guard; lodgers' rents from October, 1870, to April, 1871, were declared remitted, and sales of pawned articles suspended; the public officials were warned to disregard all orders emanating from the Versailles Government, and all its documents forbidden circulation in Paris; the title of Commander-in-Chief was abolished, the flag of the “Universal Republic” made the flag of the Commune, Endes appointed Delegate Minister of War, Bergeret Chief of Staff, and Duval Military Commander, also Prefect of Police, also judge. Besides these chiefly local measures, sweeping reforms of less imminent application were decreed, some of an anti-clerical and some of a socialistic character. And still more sweeping reforms were proposed. The sale of Versailles, St. Cloud, and Fontainebleau was talked of as a financial measure, and the issuing of assignats suggested, and, as a crowning work, the re-erection of the guillotine of 1793 was expected.

Fortunately for the Government and the National Assembly established in Versailles, the Paris movement, stained as it was with blood from its beginning, met with little encouragement in the provinces. Lyons remained loyal; the revolutionary convulsion in Marseilles proved ephemeral; more or less important agitations in Creuzot, St. Etienne, Toulouse, Narbonne, and Perpignan were easily suppressed; Charette, with his volunteers, preserved order in Nantes; and the large cities in the north showed no insurrectionary symptoms. The departments were not slow in sending reinforcements to the camps in and around Versailles, and Generals Trochu, Ducrot, Leffo, Clinchant, and others, and among them some returned from captivity, were active in organizing the loyal forces, or concerting plans for the reconquest of Paris, while a new convention, concluded with the German military authorities, partially removed the restriction of the preliminaries of peace limiting the French forces north of the Loire. Most of the Radical members of the Assembly remained on their benches in the Assembly; only a few delegates from Paris preferring, with Delescluze, to cast their lot with the insurrectionary Commune. Some, like Lockroy, continued to act as mediators, undismayed by the ill-success of Schoelcher and Admiral Saisset. To facilitate reconciliation, the Assembly passed various measures of future reform, favoring departmental and municipal autonomy. But Thiers, while displaying a readiness to accept an honorable conciliatory arrangement, and a determination not to compromise by pusillanimous concessions the honor and the future of the nation, showed a considerable leaning towards sterner resolutions.

The first hostile encounter between the troops of the Assembly and those of the Commune took place on Sunday, April 2, in the vicinity of the bridge of Neuilly, between Courbevoie and Puteaux. It is not quite clear, from the Cable reports before us, which side was the aggressive party, nor whether much blood was shed. The men of the Commune were defeated, and fled into the city, where the excitement rose to the highest pitch, and preparations were begun for an immediate march on Versailles. Before daybreak on Monday, the insurgents, under Flourens, Bergeret, Duval, and others, marched out in two corps. The principal one, flanking Mont Valérien on the right, attacked the Government forces at Nanterre, Rueil, Bougival, Besons, Chatou, and Croissy, north and west of that fort, on the two Seine peninsulas. At daybreak, Mont Valérien opened fire upon the insurgents, but with little effect, as they were sheltered by the villages. Their attack, however, was repulsed, and, as General Vinoy's cavalry executed at the same time a movement to outflank them, they fled in a complete rout, leaving many dead and wounded behind. The other corps, which marched via Meudon and Châtillon, met with a similar fate. And, according to a later despatch, the Government troops, on Tuesday, “completely defeated the remnant of the Communists, taking many thousands of prisoners, and all of their artillery, and destroying their army.” Duval and Flourens are reported dead. The speedy occupation of Paris is expected. Thiers announces the determination of the Government “to exercise clemency towards all who have been blindly misled,” but to “punish the ringleaders with severity.”

### THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ASSOCIATION ON THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

AN association, to which reference has already been made by the *Nation*, exists in England, "formed for the purpose of obtaining the best securities for the maintenance of a friendly understanding, and for the cultivation of more cordial relations between the United States and Great Britain." An address recently issued in their name says that "the lamentable ignorance of contemporary American history which exists in England even amongst otherwise well-instructed politicians, is too notorious; and the case is much the same in the United States with reference to Great Britain. Upon all questions in controversy between the two countries, the facts and arguments which form the strength of the case on each side are, for all practical purposes, unknown in the other." The same address announces that "the work of the English association for the present will be confined to the publication of carefully prepared statements upon the questions at issue which are specified in the President's Message." In pursuance of this design a committee was appointed in December last to prepare a report upon the fisheries question. Their report, published as a pamphlet, has been forwarded to this country, and a copy of it now lies before us. It contains a short recapitulation of the facts connected with the long controversy, a summary of the treaty stipulations and of the imperial and colonial legislation bearing upon the subject, and a dry statement of the matters now remaining unsettled between the two Governments. It is more remarkable for what it omits than for what it includes. If it was the object of the association to inform and enlighten the people of each country in respect to the claims made by the people and Government of the other country, and the grounds upon which those claims were based, and the reasons by which they are supported, the report will do little or nothing towards the accomplishment of such a beneficent purpose. The Americans are quite familiar already with the pretensions set up by the Colonial Parliament and sustained by the home authorities, and the labors of the committee will add little to their knowledge either of facts or reasons. On the other hand, the report will remove none of the "lamentable ignorance" which is said to exist in England, for it does not profess to treat the matter from the American point of view, nor to furnish any of the arguments by which the American claims are supported; but, on the contrary, with a most carefully preserved appearance of fairness and impartiality, it quietly conveys the impression that the British position is simply impregnable.

Passing from this general description of the report as a whole, we will in a very brief manner notice some of its special features, and, in particular, some of its most important omissions. In stating the doctrines of the international law which define and regulate fishing rights, the conclusion is reached that a "bay" over which exclusive British dominion extends, must be taken to mean an indentation, the headlands of which are at a distance from one another of not more than ten miles. Larger and wider indents would be free to American fishermen over such parts of their surfaces as were more than three miles from the coast. This definition of a bay would undoubtedly be satisfactory to our citizens, and has been practically adopted by the British home government in their instructions to naval officers. But the report fails to notice the fact that the Colonial authorities utterly repudiate this construction, and have been sustained in their position by the law officers of the crown. Recent Canadian writers, either official or in the interests of the Dominion Government, assert complete jurisdiction and exclusive rights over the largest bays, including Fundy and Chaleurs.

After a short history of the several treaties affecting the subject, from the treaty of peace in 1783 to the abrogation of the Reciprocity treaty in 1865, with an abstract of their provisions and of the diplomatic correspondence which preceded their adoption, the question is stated, "By what treaties are the rights of the United States fishermen now regulated?" and the answer is given: "It seems clear that the treaty of 1818 is now in force." The most important of all the American claims—a claim which, if well founded, makes all the others useless—is thus dismissed as not worthy a discussion. In fact, the position of the report, and of the British Government, that the restrictive

clauses of Article I. of the treaty of 1818 are now in force, cannot be maintained without overturning all the settled rules for the construction of contracts. The Reciprocity treaty was substituted in their place in 1854, swallowing up and destroying their provisions; and when this latter convention was abrogated in 1865 there was nothing left in the nature of a compact between the two countries except the treaty of 1783. That the grants of fishing rights in Canadian waters conferred by the treaty of 1783 were not annulled by the war of 1812 has always been maintained by the American Government—maintained even in the very act of making the partial renunciation of 1818, which renunciation was in its place swept away by the positive stipulations of the convention of 1854. We cannot now discuss the correctness of this claim, and simply remark that it is impossible to produce a single European publicist of authority, nor even any English text-writer except Phillimore, who lays down rules and doctrines antagonistic to this American position. We believe that to-day our fishermen have full rights to pursue their calling within any distance from the Canadian shores and in all the Canadian bays.

The report proceeds to state some of the questions arising under the legislation of the Dominion Parliament. It may be true that, upon the basis of the convention of 1818 as an existing compact, American fishermen have no right to trade in Canadian ports, or to prepare to fish or to tranship cargoes of fish in Canadian waters. But the committee fails to notice the fact that the existing statutes directly interfere with and virtually destroy the privilege granted by that treaty of entering bays and harbors for purpose of shelter, and for other specified purposes. These statutes make no discrimination, and apply to all American fishing-vessels alike; and, if enforced, would render a most important part of the convention a mere nullity.

With the conclusion of the committee we entirely agree, that the matters in dispute "all involve questions which, if no agreement is speedily arrived at between the governments of the two countries, may lead to serious dangers."

### THE REVOLT OF THE MERCHANTS AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF THE RAILROADS.

NEXT to the right of personal liberty, the most sacred, most essential, most pervading right of the citizen of a free country is the right of locomotion and of transportation. Personal liberty itself is of no avail, is indeed a mere mockery, if not accompanied with the unrestricted right of moving person and property from place to place. The right of moving person and property from place to place implies the absolute right of every citizen to use the sidewalks, carriage-ways, highways, and by-ways of the whole country, and of every description, with absolute freedom, subject only to such restrictions as the preservation of good order requires, and to the payment of such taxes or tolls as the State may impose, or permit to be imposed, for the maintenance of the roads themselves. Fifty years ago, the mere statement of such a proposition on the part of a public journal would have been considered trite, if not silly. Yet to-day it has become absolutely necessary to revert to this elementary principle to justify and render intelligible an act of the gravest national importance, into which an imperious public necessity is precipitating this people before they are fully aware of the true nature of their doings.

The right of locomotion and of transportation has never been disputed in theory. Yet in practice it has to-day passed away from the citizens of the United States just as absolutely and entirely as if they had never possessed it. It has been taken away so gradually and insidiously that we did not become conscious of the process until now, when we seek to remove some petty or odious restriction, and find ourselves suddenly confronted with the alarming fact that we have, by law, statute, enactment, or charter, whatever the device may be called, actually, fully, and absolutely surrendered our rights to an irresponsible, unscrupulous tyrant, whose power is for the time being absolute, who laughs to scorn our claims for redress, and sets our efforts at remedy boldly at defiance.

Lest any one deem this sweeping statement an exaggeration, we desire to call attention to a few facts, which in their isolated occurrence, however much indignation they may excite at the time, are apt to be



remembered so imperfectly by the public, that their force as arguments is lost, unless collated and verified. Only within the last few months the entire postal service has been repeatedly delayed, or at times totally interrupted, at the Bergen Tunnel, during the quarrel between the Erie and the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Companies; on the Long Island Railroad, which is reported to have positively refused to carry the Sag Harbor mails; at Harrisburg, where, in a period of three months, the whole or a part of the Western newspaper mails was thirty-two times compelled to lie over until next day, owing to the wilful neglect of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to provide the necessary room. Numerous other cases occurred which we do not remember with sufficient distinctness to specify here.

The forcible interruption to traffic on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad a few weeks since; the riotous seizure of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad by regiments of armed men, bringing the State to the verge of civil war; the wilful derangement of traffic over the road to Saratoga last summer: to enable Commodore Vanderbilt to carry New York passengers over the Hudson River road instead of permitting them to take the boats from some of the river stations; the abandonment of the Bangor, Oldtown, and Milford Railway in Maine at the behest of its competitor, the European and North American; the forcible blockading of the approaches to the Suspension Bridge, and the attempt to burn the bridge across Cayuga Creek to prevent the Erie Junction road from interfering with the New York Central—an act that brings to mind the old law in force even among the “barbarians” of Peru a few centuries ago, according to which “to burn a bridge was death;” the refusal of the New Jersey Railroad Company to forward passengers to Washington, owing to their dispute with the Baltimore and Ohio Company; the Minnesota Railroad ring that made a desperate and partially successful effort last summer to use its power over transportation to control the entire wheat market of the State; the New Haven Railroad exercising a censorship of the press by prohibiting the sale and transportation on its line of a newspaper that had dared to criticise its management; the trebling of freights on coal during the bitter winter months of January and February, when thousands of poor in the Atlantic cities were all but perishing of cold; the additional two dollars a ton put on the rates by the Reading Railroad Company in March, when it found that some coal was still being mined; the case of passengers hustled off the cars for infractions of petty rules of the companies, and especially of those who were thrust off trains while in motion over trestle-bridges; the despatch from the President to a conductor of a passenger train on the Morris and Essex Railroad:

“Put your train on the side switch, and keep it there until the commuter and his backers conform to the rules of the company.”

“SAM SLOAN.”

—all this is strong enough support for our statement. But we advise our readers also to turn to the petition of the citizens of the City of New York, published in the daily papers of March 29, in which, over the signatures of more than five hundred of the most responsible and respectable mercantile firms in every branch of the city trade, there is set forth in detail a system of extortion, ill usage, tyranny, and corruption on the part of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Companies.

These men, whose mere statement, under all the circumstances, must be accepted as conclusive, charge the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Companies with “seriously injuring the commerce and business interests of this State,” with “outraging its citizens,” with being “an irresponsible, grasping, and dangerous monopoly,” with “levying taxes in defiance of equity and public law,” with “placing an embargo upon trade and destroying industry,” with “usurping the legitimate functions of Government, and unjustly oppressing the people.”

The great importance of this action on the part of the New York merchants lies in the recognition of the evil, and in the statement of the abuse, in a manner which must silence the clamorous denial of the facts by which the friends and organs of the railroad corporations

have heretofore been able to set aside and render ineffective all isolated cases of complaint. The great value of this protest consists in the emphatic declaration of calm, thoughtful, law-abiding citizens, “that a railroad is a *public highway*, constructed for the public use, and that the public are entitled to all the benefits resulting therefrom beyond the adequate compensation due its constructors and operators.” It annihilates by a simple appeal to the inalienable right of free locomotion all the bulwarks which shallow theorists and designing advocates have built up around the railroad monopoly on the basis of non-interference, competition, and corporate rights. The error of these theorists has always lain in their failure to recognize that the rights of railroad corporations, in so far as they trench upon the higher right of free locomotion, are rights which no Government has the power to surrender, however much it may attempt to do so, however much the attempt may have had the popular sanction. For it must not be forgotten, in spite of the abuses which in the course of time have crept into railroad management, that the railroad corporations as now existing were created with the full consent of the people, though in ignorance of the monopoly and tyranny to which they were surrendering their rights.

The process now going on in the public mind is a gradual recognition of the fact, that the attempt to place the control of essential popular rights in the hands of individuals and corporations has resulted in unbearable abuses, and that the very existence of popular liberty absolutely requires that this control, surrendered in ignorance, and wantonly perverted, shall be entirely resumed by the people, or else so thoroughly limited as to correct existing abuses and prevent the perpetration of new ones. In what manner this control can be resumed, or how it can be limited, is a question requiring more thorough, practical, and detailed discussion than the New York merchants appear to have as yet devoted to it. Their general appeal to the Legislature to remove certain special evils, and to regulate rates of fare and transportation on all railroads running in this State, evinces more confidence in the State Legislature than that body merits, especially after their recent unjust repeal of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's charter amendment at the bidding of the very Central and Hudson River Company indicted before them. Even were the present Legislature as honest as it is corrupt, as intelligent as it is ignorant, it might still be doubtful whether any remedy it could devise and enforce would cover the ground, since it is chiefly the inter-State relations of the different roads which give them their greatest power for evil, and over these connections outside the State limits our Legislature would, of course, exercise no authority. But it is neither necessary nor desirable to enter now upon a discussion of remedies. When the public mind has become fully alive to the true nature of the evil, the remedies will suggest themselves almost spontaneously.

#### THE BAR ASSOCIATION.

WE did not intend to return to the controversy between General Barlow and Mr. D. D. Field until the Bar Association had passed upon it; but a correspondent writes to ask us in what position we now understand it to be left, and the *World* last Sunday, after observing dead silence about it while it was pending in the *Tribune*, published an article which, whether designedly or not, will in many people's eyes obscure the really important points in the case, and, what is worse, raise new and wholly irrelevant ones. There is evidently an attempt about to be made to produce the impression that General Barlow has been guilty of an impropriety in dragging a professional brother into a newspaper controversy about matters which a professional tribunal only is competent to decide, and that Mr. Field, in declining to answer General Barlow's last letter, and appealing to the Bar Association, is simply carrying the case into the proper forum.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater misapprehension. Mr. Field began the newspaper controversy by a letter to the editor of a newspaper asking for a retraction of certain statements appearing in a newspaper, and engaged with this editor in a long debate, in the course of which he said that the editor “had arraigned his professional conduct,” and he “repelled his charge and challenged him to specify an in-

stance" (letter of Jan. 5); and later (Jan. 17), he renewed his challenge by saying: "Please get, if you can, one respectable lawyer or judge to say that I am wrong."

Now, this certainly left it open to Mr. Bowles to get "a respectable lawyer or judge," if he could, to take up the controversy at the point where he, as a layman, had to let it drop; and it left it open, too, to any respectable lawyer or judge to appear on his own account, if he thought the public interest would be thereby promoted, in the forum which Mr. Field had deliberately chosen, and then and there produce, if he could, the instances for which Mr. Field had so defiantly called. This General Barlow did. He made his charges very carefully in three letters, citing evidence as he went, and it is to be observed that nearly all his evidence is drawn from reports of testimony taken in court. Mr. Field replied in one letter traversing some of General Barlow's allegations; General Barlow rejoined with fresh evidence, and pointed out wherein Mr. Field's reply was insufficient. Now, it was, at this point or at any other, competent for Mr. Field to carry his case before the Bar Association, but no appeal to the Bar Association can possibly take the place of a full reply to General Barlow's charges and proofs in the newspapers, and, as the matter now stands, the latter's heaviest and most formidable letter lies literally unanswered. This is unfortunate. Mr. Field may say that he does not choose to pursue the newspaper controversy any further, but the public will think that, having begun it, he was bound to close it, if he could.

The *World* has endeavored to give a false complexion to the manner in which the newspaper controversy has come to an end, by the insinuation that General Barlow is too young, and possibly too "immature," to entitle him to a full defence at Mr. Field's hands. It was open to Mr. Field when he challenged Mr. Bowles to specify the standing in years of the lawyers whom Mr. Bowles might produce as accusers. He did not do so; he simply asked that they be "respectable." General Barlow is highly respectable. He is respected by the judges, and has the confidence of his clients. These two things give a man weight at any bar in the world. If New York lawyers do not take care, they will yet give a man distinction at the bar of this city. Mr. Field made the great mistake of suggesting a personal comparison with General Barlow in his first letter to the *Tribune*, of which the *Tribune* took ferocious advantage, and certainly not to General Barlow's detriment. But then all this is beside the matter in hand. If the point in dispute were the relative age and legal standing of Messrs. Field and Barlow, it might have been decided long ago by a reference to family Bibles or the files in the County Clerk's office. The question is, Are the charges in General Barlow's letters true? Is his evidence impeachable? and if so, where and how? As long as these questions are unanswered, all personal comparisons between the two disputants are simply silly, particularly as we have yet to hear of a lawyer of any standing at the New York bar who professes to have any doubt of the truth of the greater part of what General Barlow says. This is the serious part of the affair. Mr. Field has most improperly, and apparently under the influence of a misapprehension as to his real position, published a note from Judge Parker in the *Evening Post*, saying that he had read Mr. Field's letter in the *Tribune* of the 11th, and corroborating Mr. Field's assertion as "to what took place at Albany," and testifying that Ramsey got an *ex-parte* injunction from Judge Murray at Delhi, and expressing his belief that the whole attack on Mr. Field is "unwarrantable and unjustifiable." What the public wants to know, however, is whether Judge Parker has read General Barlow's letters, and what he thinks about the charges there made. Unless he has done so, his meddling in the controversy at all is uncalled for; and his opinion as to what "fair-minded men" will or do think about it is simply worthless.

Another question of some importance begins to be raised, and that is, the nature of the proceeding by which these charges are to be tried before the Bar Association. An impression seems to prevail among many lawyers that the evidence adduced in support of them must be such as will bear the tests in use in courts of law, and that it is open to the accused to avail himself of these tests.

The Bar Association, as we understand it, is not a legal tribunal. It is not even a legal corporation. It is a voluntary association of gentlemen, formed with the view of promoting all the interests of their common profession, and notably its purity. In other words, it is a club, and, like all clubs, it has machinery for ridding itself of unworthy members. This is the end, and the sole end, of its judicial procedure. It does not and cannot undertake to punish in any other way any lawyer for professional misconduct; what it does undertake to do is to prevent lawyers proved

guilty of improper professional misconduct from belonging to it or coming to its rooms.

Now, what kind of proof should it require in support of charges of improper conduct? The kind of proof which sends a man to jail? By no means; simply the kind of proof which is sufficient to satisfy one gentleman that another is not a person to be trusted. In other words, its rules of evidence are not and ought not to be the rules of evidence in use in the courts of common law, but the laws of the human mind, which are the rules in use in all "courts of honor." The object of a trial before a legal tribunal, as we pointed out when this controversy first began, is not to find out whether a man has really committed an offence or not, but whether certain prescribed indications of his having committed it exist. The courts do not trouble themselves about moral guilt, but about legal guilt only, which is often a very different thing. The consequence is that men are discharged every day of whose crimes neither judge nor jury entertain any manner of doubt, simply because, although there were plenty of signs of their guilt, the prescribed signs were not forthcoming.

An enquiry into a man's conduct before a court of honor is an entirely different proceeding. Here the object aimed at is not simply to find out whether he has brought himself within the purview of a statute, but whether he has fairly rendered himself an object of suspicion to his friends. The accused, therefore, does not appear before it on the defensive simply. It is his duty to attack. He is bound to say not "Find me out if you can!" but, "Why do you dare to doubt me?" He says not only, "Where are your proofs?" but, "What proofs do you require?" It is not enough for him to show that the evidence against him is insufficient; he must show that there is no evidence at all. He therefore is expected not only not to impede the prosecution, but to help them; to lead the way into the dark corners of his career, and throw the fullest light on all the suspected points. It is not enough, for instance, to say that he did not get a judge to sign an order in a house of ill-fame; he has to say where he did get him to sign it. In fact, it is preposterous to suppose that any society of honorable men could be kept up with no better guarantees for the respectability of their members than are supplied by the technical rules of evidence. Any enquiry into a man's character on such a basis would be a wretched farce, and we venture to say has never been attempted, except before "Chief Baron Nicholson" in the underground entertainment known as "The Judge and Jury."

If the Bar Association in the present case conducts the enquiry on any such basis, its verdict will not only do nobody any good but will be received with derision by the world outside. If the enquiry is to take place at all, it must be thorough. There must be no technical jugglery about it. We do not want to know whether there is legal proof of Mr. Field's having acted improperly on behalf of the Erie managers; we want to know whether he did really so act or not, or whether there is reasonable ground for believing that he did. An acquittal for failure of proof would do nothing for his reputation as long as he refused to explain whatever seemed to need explanation, which of course it is to be presumed he will not do. The notion that lawyers, because they are lawyers, must conduct an enquiry of this nature with the forms observed in the courts, is about as sensible as the notion that an astronomer's measure for a suit of clothes should be taken by triangulation, or that a doctor should never accept a friend's reply to his greeting without feeling his pulse and looking at his tongue. The Bar Association ought to be an association of honorable men; if it tries to convert itself into anything other than this, or anything short of this, it will before long become simply a refuge for scoundrels, because no honest man would stay in a body where the only reason he had for believing in the integrity of his fellow-members was that nobody had as yet succeeded in securing legal proof of their rascality.

#### SIGNING NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

THE New York correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, the *causa tetrici belii*, discoursing on New York journalism the other day in the columns of that paper, highly commended the practice of having the articles in periodicals signed by the writers. It undoubtedly is a good practice, for several reasons, but the weight of argument as regards newspapers, in the present state of human nature, is against it. It will take some time for the public to reach the degree of cultivation which will enable it to consider what a writer has to say apart from the writer himself. It makes no great difference as regards light literature, or magazine literature, properly so-called, whether the articles are signed or not. Indeed, it doubtless adds to the pleasure of the reader to have them signed, and it certainly helps



the writer's reputation and enlarges the market for his wares. But then, prejudices are not shocked, or passions roused, or pride wounded by tales, sketches, and anecdotes, reminiscences or humorous poems. The people who read them sit down to be amused or entertained, not to be reasoned with or preached at, and they are, therefore, in the pleasantest possible frame of mind towards the writer. The man or woman must be strongly constituted who, rising from the perusal of "A Night on a Crocodile's Back," or "The Little House Under the Hill," or "Hints on Behavior at the Dinner-Table," experiences towards the author, no matter who he may be, any worse feelings than a sense of disappointment. In nine cases out of ten, he feels nothing but gratitude and admiration, and a desire to make his personal acquaintance.

But when we come down to newspaper literature, however, as newspapers are now conducted, the arguments in favor of signing articles will hardly bear any examination whatever. The nature of the subjects newspapers treat, and of the audiences they address, and the character and training of the writers, all make anonymous writing almost essential, not only to their usefulness, but to their harmlessness. They are dealing constantly with questions of the day, on which the public is either greatly excited or quite ready to be excited. They are appealing all the time to and are dependent on the patronage of a large body of persons who are entirely unused to the treatment of any subject on purely intellectual grounds, and of whom not one in a thousand has ever weighed an argument without putting the man who used it into the scale along with it, and who approach nearly all social and political topics in a passion—it may be a noble or it may be a base passion, but still a passion. And then, as regards ourselves, the writers, supposing us to be all that the greatest admirers of the press could desire, but which many people say we are not—thoughtful, cautious, thorough, well-educated, scrupulous, good-tempered, free from envy, and malice, and uncharitableness, there is something in the nature of our calling which tries even the best natures sorely—and that is the possession of *power without responsibility*. It is difficult to say anything about "the power of the press" which will not seem commonplace after all that is said about it in after-dinner speeches, and we shall not touch at all upon its power over public opinion in the ordinary sense of the phrase. We refer simply to its power over individuals. In the present state of our society, a newspaper can literally make the life of any man it chooses to single out for its ridicule or reproaches utterly miserable, or can raise a very mediocre man into fame, and, if he pursues certain callings, into fortune, and it can do this without having to justify itself to anybody or bear with anybody's criticism. Now, there is no monarch, potentate, or corporation in our day of whom this can be said. The men who are armed with such power as this ought to be picked men, both as regards character and attainments; and even then they would be sure to abuse it. The general opinion is, however, that we are not picked men, or, if picked, that the work has been done with extraordinary carelessness. We are said to have among us, besides the usual proportion of downright donkeys, a very fair proportion of very ignorant men, of very unscrupulous men, of very conceited and malignant and shallow men, honeycombed with mean jealousies and small spites, and base greeds, and ignoble aims of all sorts. Every profession contains such men. Yes; but it is only in the newspaper profession that such men can take a gun, go behind a hedge, and, when they see an opponent coming along the road, knock him over without the least personal risk. It is only the newspaper rascal who is always armed amongst the unarmed. The newspaper is a kind of citadel from which he can take aim at anybody he pleases in the marketplace below, without any chance of having his shot returned. The consequence is that newspapers have produced a new type of bravo, far more dangerous to the community—that is, less capable of being guarded against or resisted—than any of his predecessors.

Now, it may seem as if the proper way to disarm such people was to make them put their names to what they say; or that, if you could not disarm them, you would at least furnish those whom they assail with the means of resisting them. On the contrary, you would simply convert ambushes into street-fights, as far as the quarrels between the members of the press were concerned, while for the protection of private individuals you would do nothing whatever. Two things have been proved by experience both in this country and in France and England, and they are things which observation of human nature in other callings might have led us to expect. One is, that the more impersonal the newspapers are—that is, the less there is known about the editor and writers, and the more they are veiled from observation—the more decorous they are in their language, and the more apt they are to treat public

questions on their merits. The other is, that the more there is known of the writers of articles, the more scurrilous and violent they are apt to be in their treatment of each other, and the more of their space and time is likely to be given up to personal controversy—discussions of what I said, and you said, and he said, and of the lies you told, and that I found out, and that he tried to cover up, and of the probable effect of the curliness of my hair upon my treatment of the reconstruction question, and of your mother's unhappy relations with your father upon your treatment of the divorce question, and of his use of wine on his dinner-table upon his treatment of the temperance question. The Paris press, before 1848, was violent, and extravagant, and rhetorical, but as soon as writers were compelled, in 1851, to sign their names to their articles, it became a sink of stupidity and nastiness—a calling from which most decent men retired, and in which a writer's career came to be made up largely of an exchange of billingsgate and pistol-shots with his brother-writers. It seems strange, no doubt, that as soon as Brown of the *Footstool* finds out that it is Smith who is writing the editorial for the *Armchair* on fire-irons, he should at once lose his temper, and insinuate that Smith knew more about manacles than about pokers and tongs. But this disposition has been recognized in the rules of parliamentary procedure, which forbid all allusions to members by name. It is found in practice that the mention of a man's name in debate, inasmuch as it brings his naked individuality up more vividly before the orator's eye, has a tendency to excite pugnacity and breed personalities, and cause wanderings from the subject. Every member is therefore wisely veiled under the name of the district he represents. The rule is even more valuable in the press. Men can discuss calmly, we know, what the *Armchair*—for that is a sort of abstraction—says; but as soon as they begin to talk of Smith of the *Armchair*, all that they dislike about him, his personal history, fills their mind's eye, and the animal love of victory rises up within them, and makes them long to scourge him, and torment him, and make life hateful to him.

We might illustrate all this readily and forcibly from the history of the New York press if we chose, and if it were not delicate ground. We think it may be said, as a general rule, that the tone of the discussions in every one of the daily papers here has risen or fallen in proportion to the closeness of its connection in the public mind and the mind of the newspaper writers with one man. The periods of downright blackguardism on all sides which occasionally recur are mostly brought about by the differences between four or five men having become too fierce for restraint. Even the *Springfield Republican*—one of the best-conducted papers in the Union, and more metropolitan on the whole in its tone and management than most of the metropolitan press, and running its career in the calm atmosphere of the country, and practising the anonymous itself—finds it hard to respect the anonymous in its contemporaries, and writhes occasionally under the necessity of buckling down to the consideration of cold, dry facts and arguments, and longs to tear aside the veil, get at the writer, and have a bout with him, about his clothes, or his complexion, or his birthplace, or his education. One of its not uncommon practices is to guess at the authorship of an article in the columns of its contemporaries, and, on the strength of its guess, abuse him roundly, in this sort of way: "The article on 'wages' in the last number of the *Footstool* was, we have no doubt, written by T. B. Brown; doubtless, too, the same Brown who was sued at Albany last spring for cheating his washerwoman. A pretty fellow he is to write on 'wages.' We advise him to turn his attention to common honesty before he takes up the labor question again," etc., etc.

The true remedy for the evils of the newspaper press, it cannot be said too often, whatever they be, lies not in making the writers reveal themselves, but in making the public demand a better article, and exact from newspaper men an observance of the rules by which gentlemen in other callings are governed. As long as there exists an effectual demand for a low order of literature, in any shape, it is useless to hope that nobody will try to supply it, or that the men who undertake to supply it will be "scholars and gentlemen." There is something very simple in the supposition that the blackguard who says anonymously in his paper that you beat your wife every night before you go to bed, will mend his manners if you make him put his name to his filth. He would as soon put his name to it as not, if you make it worth his while. Any writer who does this sort of thing is "on the make," as they say at the City Hall; it is an affair of money with him, and if he finds signing his name will improve his market, he will sign very cheerfully. You can never do anything with him by making him

show his face; if you wish to reform him, you must refuse to buy his wares. But the amelioration of the public taste might undoubtedly be supplemented by an amendment in the law giving all libel suits precedence on the calendar over everything else. Could suits for slander be quickly tried close on the commission of the alleged offence, they would be brought, as they ought to be, more frequently, and would do much to rid us of the pest of low journalism. Few men care to commence proceedings when there is no chance of having a decision for three or four years, during which the plaintiff has to bear whatever odium the libel has caused, and may expect to see it aggravated by the increased publicity necessarily given to it by his appeal to the law. The really honest and legitimate comments of the press would in this way gain in force, because rogues would not dare to resent them, and the failure to resent them would raise a presumption of inability to do so; and those who were unwarrantably assailed would have a ready means of redress within their reach, and would use it. As matters stand, the worst knaves and charlatans are able to justify their sitting down calmly under newspaper exposure by saying that nobody minds newspaper attacks. Good men do mind them, but only they cannot help themselves.

#### ENGLAND.—JUDGMENTS AGAINST HERESY.

LONDON, March 17, 1871.

THE political interest of the past fortnight has again been ostensibly confined to the question of army reform. The debate has been dragging its slow length along without, as I imagine, materially enlightening the public mind. It is a peculiarity of the House of Commons that it includes an enormous proportion of military men. The normal career of the Englishman in a certain class is to spend a few years in the army during his youth, and to retire on coming into his property or settling down in life, in order to amuse himself in legislating. The consequence is that, if I am not mistaken, not far from a fourth part of our representatives have some kind of military experience, and they now have an unusual opportunity for airing their eloquence. They have proved, with great superabundance of eloquence, that the purchase system is essential to the efficiency of the army. The most popular argument is, that as the English army is the pride and envy of the world, and English officers buy their commissions, it is plain that the system must be a good one. This is backed up by appeals to the battle of Waterloo, the charge at Balaklava, and the Indian mutiny. Further, we are assured that any other system would lead to favoritism and jobbery, and that, therefore, it is the best plan to let money exercise its influence in a straightforward manner; also, promotion would be so slow, if people could not buy their way over their neighbors' heads, that the army would be discontented; and, finally, there is a wonderful thing called the regimental system, which, it seems, has never yet broken down, and which is inextricably mixed up with the purchase system; in spite of all which, it is quite plain that the purchase system is doomed, and one great obstacle to future improvement is thereby removed. On the other or constructive side of the question, the weakness of the Government proposal is painfully obvious. But we must hope for better things in time. Time, unluckily, is a very important element in all our reforms.

I will not dwell longer upon this question at present. Another matter which has excited less general attention seems to deserve some consideration. The clergy are in a state of excitement compared with which anything existing in the army is moderate. The recent judgments of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have naturally altered the position of the Established Church. Hitherto every prosecution for heresy has failed. I can, at least, only recall one insignificant exception, in which a gentleman was excluded from the church because he managed to stumble into a flat contradiction of the articles in a matter for which nobody cared, and then to draw attention to his misdoings by getting up public discussions, in which he assailed one of our most cherished popular beliefs, namely, the existence of the devil. All other judgments had tended to relax the strictness of the rules by which the clergy are bound. Recently, however, Mr. Voysey has been turned out; and, though Mr. Voysey is not a man of any great power, and will obviously be much more at home in preaching (as he is now doing) to the congregation of what is called the "Free Christian Church" than in the pulpits of the Church of England, the terms of the judgment are such as to cause some alarm to all liberal churchmen. Especially, the limits within which criticism of the Bible is restricted seem to be defined with unpleasant stringency.

But of much greater practical importance is the judgment in the case of Mr. Purchas. Mr. Purchas is one of those gentlemen who have recently been endeavoring to approximate as closely as possible to the ritual of the Church of Rome. An action was brought against him, and the judgment which has recently been delivered goes far to upset the whole ground upon which Ritualists have hitherto relied. All their favorite practices are condemned as illegal. Their vestments, chasubles, albs, tunics, and I know not how many more, are ruthlessly swept away. They are forbidden to elevate the sacrament or to indulge in genuflections; the position at which they stood at the altar has to be abandoned; the use of incense and tapers is to be suppressed; and, in short, they are ordered to put off their fine new clothes, and to array themselves in the simple apparel of a clergyman of the old school. The public in general laughs, and it is hard to avoid laughing, at the immense importance attached to these questions of millinery. It laughs all the more, because the most pitiable evasions of the law have been attempted. That excellent but not strong-minded gentleman, Mr. Mackonochie, on being forbidden to kneel, tried to get round the law by bending his knees without touching the ground; and not being allowed to elevate the sacred elements above his head, tried whether he could be permitted to lift them as far as his chin. All this is contemptible enough, and, to say the plain truth, the Ritualists are a feeble folk. But the consequences may be very serious. The religious papers are perfectly foaming at the mouth. They declare that the judges (namely, the Lord Chancellor, a man of very high character and deep religious feeling; Lord Chelmsford, an ex-chancellor; the Archbishop of York; and the Bishop of London) were actuated by the basest motives, and have flatly contradicted the law. They declare in the most peremptory terms that they will refuse to obey, and that if one taper or one chasuble is suppressed, they will agitate for immediate disestablishment. One curious symptom is that Canon Liddon, the most eloquent member of the party, is so indignant with courts of ecclesiastical law in general as to undertake the defense of Mr. Voysey, his natural enemy. Misfortune makes strange bedfellows; and in their anger at being punished themselves, the Ritualists are ready to declare that nobody ought to be punished at all.

Meanwhile, the question remains, What is to be done? Dean Stanley, who is systematically on the side of toleration, writes to express an earnest hope that the law will not be carried out. He is the most popular representative of that school of liberal thought which sees in the continued existence of the state church the best guarantee against the dangers of bigotry and exclusiveness. A free church, he fears, would fall into speedy disruption; the rival parties would be excommunicating each other, and one section would drift away under the guidance of men like Mr. Mackonochie towards the Church of Rome, whilst another would probably gravitate towards Unitarianism, and a third would take the colors of the most bitter Puritanism. Moderate men like himself, who believe in the gradual dying out of religious animosities, and the development of our existing creeds by a continuous process into some wider and purer faith, are naturally terrified by the prospect before them. They are anxious to keep men together by the bonds of a state church, in the hope that animosities will subside, and the Ritualist in course of time lie down by the Rationalist. Now, Dean Stanley is a most amiable and excellent man, and is admirably qualified to act the part of a mediator. He has never been afraid to utter his own convictions, nor unwilling to listen to the freest utterances of others, yet it must be admitted that the course recommended rather savors of weakness. If the congregation of a state church give up all claim to interfere directly with their clergyman, and thus leave him that freedom of action which is the great merit of his position in Dean Stanley's eyes, they must have some guarantee that his excursions will be confined within certain limits. Mr. Purchas goes on sidling up to Rome; his congregation cannot interfere or turn him off; they appeal to the courts of law, and the law supports their view. Immediately they are to be told that the law is not to be enforced, and that the reason for not enforcing it is simply that Mr. Purchas thinks it hard, declares that his judges are grossly partial, and says that he will not submit. Obviously, if this is to go on, the state church becomes a mere collection of individuals, bound by no common discipline, and each indulging in such vagaries of ritual or doctrine as may seem good in his own eyes. Why, it is naturally asked, should the state support a set of officials all over the country who are to preach the most opposite doctrines, and absolutely decline to be bound by any conditions whatever?

Doubtless the solution of the question will seem simple enough to you who are not accustomed to hear the praises of established churches. In



fact, the word disestablishment is on every one's lips. The dissenters begin to think that their opportunity is come. The High-Church party, though still affecting some reluctance, are beginning to regard it as the most natural step that can be taken. How soon the question will become one of immediate practical interest it is, of course, impossible to say; but the Purchas case has probably advanced the explosion by years; and if the Evangelical party continue to carry on the war, it is not impossible but the battle will be fought out within a very short time. Those who look forward to such a contest with most pain are such men as Dean Stanley, Dr. Jowett, Professor Maurice, and other so-called Broad-Church men, who are bound together rather by a general sympathy with liberal ideas than by any specific party platform. They include the ablest of the English clergy, and though eager partisans will generally regard their hopes of passing from the old to the new without any violent transition as somewhat visionary, such hopes at least deserve sympathy and respect. Yet their position is daily becoming more inconvenient. They may, perhaps, care little for the loss of Mr. Voysey, whose opinions carried no great weight, and who seemed rather to enjoy making a scandal. But the decision which has cast him out strikes at many of their opinions, and the ground seems to be hollow beneath them. To maintain the church establishment in order to enable such men as Mr. Purchas to preach rank sacerdotalism is, in fact, to maintain a fortress for the benefit of their bitterest enemies. That they should be willing to do so is creditable to their spirit of charity, but the position shows signs of becoming intolerable.

The mention of the Broad Church recalls to me that Professor Jowett, now Master of Balliol College, has at last brought out his long-promised work on Plato. No man in recent times has had any position in the university at all comparable to that which he occupied as tutor of Balliol. Belief in his manifold merits almost amounted to a superstition amongst the younger generation of Oxford men, and to dispute the excellence of his book would be considered as a flagrant act of heresy. Part of the admiration thus felt is doubtless due to the new master's amiable personal qualities. When a dinner was recently held in London to congratulate him on his new appointment, so many distinguished men gathered to do him honor, and so much warmth of feeling was manifested on all sides, that even a dinner in a London tavern became a touching ceremony. No man ever succeeded in producing a greater impression on a large number of the most rising young men of the day. Under such circumstances, I should fear that, if his book were a bad one, it would still be praised; but of that there can be little real danger. It represents the labors of a man of eminent ability for a period of many years, and though I am not qualified to act as critic in such matters, I should not be afraid to commend it to the attention of your readers. His chief literary rival at the present moment is Mr. Darwin, and everybody whom I have met in London society since the publication of the "Descent of Man" is carefully examining his own and his neighbor's ears, to discover whether they bear that "mark of the beast" which indicates our relationship to the monkeys. In America, I presume, as you represent the most advanced stage of mankind, you will find that it has totally disappeared.

## Correspondence.

BERNARD DE MORLAIX AND HENRY VAUGHAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your review of Fosberry's "Hymns and Poems," in to-day's number, page 223, says that Vaughan's poem—"My soul, there is a country"—would seem to bear witness that its author was fresh from the reading of the "De Contemptu Mundi."

Bernard's whole poem was printed, says Dr. Neale, in 1556, and again in 1597, 1610, 1636, and 1640, always in Germany. As Vaughan lived till 1695, he may have owned or seen one of these editions. He was a good scholar, and one of his books contains translations from Boethius and Casimir.

Still, the mediæval sacred poetry was not known to Englishmen two centuries ago as it is now. Indeed, the revival of that literature, or at least the calling of general attention to it, is purely a work of the last thirty-five years. So far as we may judge by translations, the only Latin hymns which attracted our older poets were a few of the more famous and familiar ones, as *Dies Iræ*, *Veni Creator*, and *Vexilla Regis*, which might be found in any of the breviaries.

Moreover, Bernard's poem covers some three thousand lines, in which

few would have thought of looking for the lovely hymn which, scattered here and there, forms but a small portion of the whole. Nor is there any evidence of its being mentioned or noticed in English till Archbishop Trench, in 1849, gathered some of its beauties into a canto of ninety-five lines. From that Dr. Neale made, in 1851, the first translation, embodying the hymns now popular everywhere; and the general fame which the Clunian poem now enjoys among English readers may be said to have come entirely through that magnificent version.

F. M. B.

SPOTSWOOD, N. J., March 30.

## Notes.

A LIBRARY that will be worth the attention of book collectors is to be sold in Boston (by Messrs. Leonard & Co., 48 Bromfield Street), on Tuesday, May 9, and four following days. Catalogues will be sent on application, for one dollar each. The collection numbers 11,000 volumes, and besides rare works and fine editions of standard works in general literature and bibliography, is notably rich in the departments of Fine Arts, Antiquities and Topography, Natural History and Numismatics—embracing a large number of costly illustrated folios. In periodicals and serial works, both American and English, there is a fine show of full sets.

—On the whole, we doubt if any people, among outside nations, has judged the Franco-German war more correctly than the American. We have not lacked diversity of opinions, but the preponderating sense of the community has steadfastly been, and been declared, in favor of the German side. For most of the open sympathy, indeed, which the French have received, they stand indebted to the accidental conjunction, in this country, of the Catholic faith with the Democratic party—a conjunction which, in New York, had to be respected by the *World*, but in the latitude of the *Missouri Republican* had equally to be disregarded. The natural sympathy and rational judgment of Republicans, it is safe to say, were with the Germans, and such perverse diatribes as disfigured the Boston *Traveler* were quoted chiefly as a curiosity, even while the similar ravings of the Southern press during the rebellion were still fresh in the minds of all. It may be doubted, therefore, whether the successful allegory known as "The Fight at Dame Europa's School," which has created a distinct class of literature in England, would have received much notice here as an original publication. It is amusing reading, it is true, and it is not so obnoxious to human reason and facts alike as the flippant summary of the whole matter given in a late number of the London *Vanity Fair*: "If a man" (we quote from memory) "snaps his fingers in my face, and I retaliate with my fist or my boot, am I [France] to be considered the aggressor?" But it nevertheless takes the same false position of antagonism towards Germany, and of course has made its greatest hit in reproaching England with her neutrality. In this latter question Americans have only a remote, and at most a sentimental interest, due to the satisfaction which they always feel at John Bull's exposure by his own children. Nevertheless, the pamphlet having become notorious and evoked many answers in England, Mr. Brentano doubtless found it profitable to reprint its account of "how the German boy thrashed the French boy, and how the English boy looked on." Messrs. F. B. Felt & Co. also will probably not lose by reprinting it, as they announce their intention of doing, with the aid of Mr. Thomas Nast, who furnishes thirty illustrations. The edition just published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia, contains a brief rejoinder.

—The interesting proceedings at the celebration last year of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims have been published in handsome form by Messrs. A. Williams & Co., Boston. Nearly one-half of the volume is occupied by Mr. Winthrop's oration, which has also been printed separately, from the same types. In this well-considered and finished discourse, the gathering of the "Brownists" in a small district of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, the removal of their church under persecution to Amsterdam and subsequently to Leyden, and the Pilgrim departure for America, with the incidents of the voyage until they landed on Plymouth Rock, are all related, from a full knowledge of the facts, and in a liberal and appreciative spirit, without rhetorical or historical exaggeration. Many of the after-dinner speeches contain additions to this picture of the great event celebrated, and still other traits are embodied in the notes which make up the Appendix. Here also will be found stated the reasons why the date of the landing was, some years back, fixed definitively at the 21st instead of the errone-

ous 22d of December, involving an explanation of the change from old to new style that should be kept for convenient reference.

—The second and third annual reports of the Trustees of the Peabody Academy of Science appear under one cover, and give an account of the several institutions now consolidated in this noble foundation. Salem's eminence as a seaport at the close of the last century, and the change wrought on the town by seventy years of progress in the material arts, are well illustrated by the history of the East India Marine Society, of which the famous Dr. Bowditch, himself a supercargo, became a member in 1800. One of its objects was "to form a museum of natural and artificial curiosities, particularly such as are to be found beyond the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn;" and no one was allowed to join the society who had not actually navigated the seas near one or other of these Capes, "either as master or commander, or as factor or supercargo" of some vessel belonging to Salem, or, in the case of a resident of Salem, of some vessel belonging to a port of the United States. In spite of these stringent conditions the society had in all no less than 348 members—a total which shows how extensive was the East India trade of Salem before the days of railroads and of ocean steam navigation. One of the most useful departments of the Academy is the Naturalists' Agency—an exchange which perhaps is not as widely appreciated as it should be, although it has met with great success. It is an office for the sale of scientific works on natural history, whether consigned by publishers or authors or by private owners, and for procuring to order works not thus in store. In 1869, when just started, it sold books for authors and institutions to the amount of \$3,000, and was enabled to publish Dr. Packard's valuable "Guide to the Study of Insects." The agency has chiefly relied for its advertising on the *American Naturalist*, of which we have spoken often, but not too often nor in too high praise. It is emphatically a periodical for every family—there being no issue of it wholly beyond the comprehension of a boy or girl past twelve years of age, and few in which the young would fail to find many pages to interest and improve them. When the popular scientific lectures which the Academy purposes instituting for the benefit of the County of Essex and for the State at large are successfully established, it is to be hoped that they will have the effect of restoring the lyceum system to its original and legitimate functions.

—The Essex Institute is one, and the most active, of the societies incorporated with the Peabody Academy. Parts II. and III. of Vol. X. of its "Historical Collections" are entirely occupied with an elaborate genealogy of the Hutchinson Family, from which the well-known singers were derived; and with an account of the origin, first cruise, and subsequent career of the frigate *Essex*, by Capt. Geo. Henry Preble, U.S.N. There is good reason for writing the annals of this famous ship, as it was the first United States vessel to round Cape Horn and Good Hope, and to capture an English armed vessel in the war of 1812; as she was the patriotic loan of the citizens of Salem, who built her, to the national government; and as with her are associated the names of Captain David Porter, father of the present admiral, and of Admiral Farragut, who first served as a midshipman in her. The *Essex* was fated, after she was captured in Valparaiso Bay in 1814, to form part of the navy of Great Britain; in 1833, to be a convict-ship at Kingston, Jamaica; and finally (so far as is known) to be sold at auction, with other vessels, at Somerset House, by order of the British Admiralty, July 6, 1837—up to which transfer she had retained her name. It may properly be said here that the story which freighted the *Mayflower* with a cargo of slaves for Virginia after she had brought over the Pilgrims, has no foundation outside the brain of the genius who thought it a clever invention to make the same vessel an instrument in bringing to this country the two elements, of liberty and slavery, which were afterwards to strive for possession of the continent. Some orators have found the fiction a convenient one. The *Mayflower* twice visited these shores after her immortal voyage—as one of four which brought Mr. Higginson and his company to Salem in 1629, and of the fleet which bore John Winthrop and the early settlers of the Massachusetts Colony in 1630.

—We were, it seems, too sweeping in our assertion, when speaking lately of the revision of the English version of the Bible now in progress, that no American, German, or Jew had yet been called in. This was true, in the limited sense that none had been asked to take an active part in the revision, as a member of any of the several "companies;" but from the debate in the Upper House of Convocation, which we had not seen at the time, it incidentally appears that a circular has been sent to each of the American bishops, proposing to send them proofs of the

amended version for criticism by themselves and such other scholars as they may see fit to submit them to. Possibly a similar circular has been distributed on the Continent. In either case, the efficacy of this sort of co-operation will depend, apart from the scholarship of the bishops themselves, on their liberality, as to which they are likely to suffer from a very bad example; and it does not relieve the whole scheme of revision from the exclusiveness in which it was begun and by which it has been marked at every stage.

—The latest German publications still suggest, by the absence of works of universal interest, the state of war that is but just passing away. Carlyle's "Life of Cromwell" has furnished the basis of a work on the same subject by Dr. B. T. W. Stroeter; and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" has been poetically translated by R. Waldmüller-Duboc, with the title "Freundesklage," which is accompanied by a critical appreciation of the English poet. Friedrich Gerstäcker appears as an historian of the Maximilian tragedy in a work of four volumes, entitled: "In Mexico. Charakterbild aus den Jahren 1864-67." Two historical annuals are worth examining: the *Europäischer Geschichtskalender*, of Schulthess, Vol. X., which includes occurrences in North America also, for 1869; and the *Geschichtskalender* of Karl Schlosser, which is in its second volume only, but takes in the whole of the past eventful year. Prof. Dr. von Holtzendorff, with many learned associates, has begun the publication of a popular cyclopædia of jurisprudence ("Encyclopädie der Rechtswissenschaft"), which may be pronounced excellent in advance. "Rom und seine Umgebung" consists of text by Prof. Dr. Kühne, and of wood-cuts from sketches and studies made in Rome and its vicinity by Karl Zimmerman, during many years' residence on the scene. Friedrich Kapp's new work is entitled: "Frederic the Great and the United States of America: With proposals of reform in the existing maritime law." This work, we believe, completes the series so ably conceived and executed by Dr. Kapp, with the design of tracing Germany's share in the establishment of this republic, and in building it up by emigration. We believe Dr. Kapp does not cherish any illusion as to the ultimate absorption of the German population in this country, an amusing instance of which is given by the *Westliche Post*. The following letter, it says, is copied verbatim, and was written in Roman script:

Racine, 15 Martz '71.

Mein Freund:—Oxkoose me dat I Schreib you in Englisch. Ich habe so long stadt in Visconsin gewont, das ich already twice have gevotet. Das Englischer steet mir so vor dat I can not hardly schwetz any deutsch no more.

Mein adresse est zwei mile from Racine in busch. So you send it nach der postmeister, I get em.

—The Germans, in reviewing the achievements of the late war, rightly place among the foremost the equipment and mobilization of a force of 500,000 to 600,000 men in the space of seven days, and their marching into strategic position on the line Trèves-Landau in six more. Subtracting this interval preceding actual hostilities, together with the period of inactivity caused by the armistice, from the 210 days of war (from July 19, 1870, to Feb. 16, 1871), there remain 180 days, which were signalized by 156 engagements of more or less importance, 17 great battles, the reduction of 26 fortified places, and the capture of 11,650 officers, 363,000 privates, over 6,700 cannon, and 120 eagles or flags. Distributing these statistics, it appears that nearly every day there was an engagement (*Gefecht*), every ninth day a battle (*Schlacht*), every sixth day a fortress taken; while the daily average of prisoners-of-war was 65 officers and 2,070 men, and of captured cannon 38—two flags being captured every three days. These figures are not to be accepted implicitly, as it is impossible to ensure their correctness; but they probably fall short of the truth.

—Toscanelli is an Italian Deputy belonging to the small minority of Papists who in vain endeavor, in their places in Parliament, to resist the logical sequence of the taking of Rome. In discussing the second chapter of the Papal Guarantees Bill, the other day—that defining the future relations of the church to the state—the honorable Toscanelli had the floor; and after broadly affirming that "in no country in the world is religion divorced from the state," the orator, in the language of the official report, "went on to speak of the practice of religion in America and of its relations to civil society." The United States had been frequently cited in the debates as an example of the benefits of religious freedom, and it was time that somebody should correct this mistaken notion. Toscanelli was equal to the occasion. "In America," said he boldly, "every man is free to choose the religion that suits him; but choose he must; and when he has chosen, he is obliged to share in the ex



penses of his form of worship, in the religious instruction, and in all that contributes to the growth of the denomination. Thus religion is never abandoned to itself with the danger of seeing it succumb." At this point the speaker was interrupted by an impertinent colleague (the honorable Macchi), who enquired where he got his news, and declared he had invented it. Without deigning to reply, Toscanelli proceeded: "In other countries (*altri paesi*) being an atheist excludes one from all public offices. I refer to Mississippi." We can only account for the "ilarità" which followed this last remark on the supposition that the rest of the Chamber had paid some attention to American geography.

#### PARKMAN'S CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC.\*

THE "Conspiracy of Pontiac" holds so well-established a position as an historical composition of high rank, that any additional words in regard to it might seem superfluous. Nevertheless, the appearance of a new edition, in which much fresh material has been incorporated, gives an opportunity to look back over the nineteen years of Mr. Parkman's historical labors, and form an estimate of the book from a new point of view. Its author, who was then a young and unknown writer, now occupies a distinguished rank among American historians; and a review of these years shows, on the one hand, that the high expectations raised by his first venture have been amply fulfilled; and, on the other, that this first venture was every way worthy of his later reputation. There is in it nothing crude or unfinished; but in clear-sightedness, firmness of touch, and maturity of judgment, the book fully deserved the success which it achieved. It has appeared, too, from his subsequent works that not merely this particular subject, but the general field of labor, was selected with a definite purpose; and he tells us in the preface to the present edition that he hopes to continue his historical series "to the period of the extinction of the French power on this continent," in which case this work will form the closing volumes of the series. The few repetitions which will necessarily be found in a book which was first written as a complete work, but is last in order in the series, will be no serious disadvantage.

Pontiac's War appears such a mere episode in American history that Hildreth's History, for instance, gives only three pages to it, in which the name of the chief is but once mentioned. For this reason, it was all the better adapted to the special treatment which it has received from Mr. Parkman. With all the variety and romance of Indian warfare, it had all the freshness of a new story. He selected this topic, he tells us, "as affording better opportunities than any other portion of American history for portraying forest life and Indian character," and for this purpose the episodic character of the event would be no drawback. But he has shown that it was by no means a mere episode; that it was closely connected with the great war which it followed, and was, in reality—as this book will be in his series of histories—a sequel to the brilliant and heroic, but unsuccessful, career of France on this continent.

This point, which is the leading historical idea in the book, is traced by the author with great clearness. The preface foreshadows it by pointing out the vital importance of that event—the conquest of Canada—"which rescued the vast tracts of the interior from military despotism, and gave them eventually to the keeping of an ordered democracy." The second chapter takes up the theme again, in an admirable sketch of the two opposing forms of civilization, represented respectively by the Canadian French and the New England Puritans, which were to struggle for the possession of the continent. Then follow the collisions and complications which were sure to arise between two such neighbors, and a brief and graphic account of the war which established the English power and led to the outbreak of Pontiac. A single sentence in the second volume, p. 252, brings vividly before the reader the nature of the change which had been effected, and the contrast in the two classes of settlers. Speaking of the creoles of Illinois, we are told that "when, after the War of the Revolution, the Illinois came under the jurisdiction of the United States, the perplexed inhabitants, totally at a loss to understand the complicated machinery of republicanism, begged to be delivered from the intolerable burden of self government, and to be once more subjected to a military commandant." No wonder such people as these have been swallowed up and forgotten in the stream of immigration that has swept over the country. These French colonists who first opened the great West, and who laid the foundations of many of its most thriving cities, have left few traces behind

them—a few graceful names of towns and rivers, and a few old Catholic families still clinging to their old homes.

The events told in this history have, then, a dignity and an importance of their own, and are worthy of the manner in which they have been narrated. This, the first considerable work of the historian, was the result of the most thorough training and the most conscientious preparation. He was fortunate in possessing, as his preface relates, a preparation of two kinds—one that can be got from books, and one that cannot, but only from actual life among the savages of the forest. Even this double preparation would not have been sufficient. There is enough intrinsic interest in the story to engage the attention, however told; but we have before us not merely a well-told story, but a finished work of art. Every line shows study and training, and could only have been the production of a man who knew what good work was, and had all his powers well in hand. Indeed, the execution of the work may be pronounced almost perfect, and if it falls short of being a history of the first rank, it is not from any defect of the writer, but because a work of the highest order requires a subject of the highest order. In the plan of the whole, and the relation of the several events to each other, and to contemporaneous events, in the dramatic development of the plot, in the vivid personality of the actors, in the animated narrative and picturesque descriptions, in the just and appropriate observations introduced when called for, but not forced in—in all these qualities of an historian, Mr. Parkman is conspicuous.

Next to the relation pointed out between Pontiac's conspiracy and the development of the Anglo-American power on this continent, a second peculiar merit of this book is its delineation of the Indian character and customs, which is in every way satisfactory. It is contained in the introductory chapter, and in various notes and remarks in the body of the work—the whole copiously illustrated by the events of the war itself. We quote one or two passages which have attracted our attention: "An Indian council, on solemn occasions, is always opened with preliminary forms, sufficiently wearisome and tedious, but made indispensable by immemorial custom; for this people are as much bound by their conventional usages as the most artificial children of civilization. . . . An Indian orator is provided with a stock of metaphors, which he always makes use of for the expression of certain ideas. Thus, to make war is to raise the hatchet; to make peace is to take hold of the chain of friendship," etc. (vol. ii., p. 226). Again, p. 296: "A language extremely deficient in words of general and abstract signification renders the use of figures indispensable; and it is from this cause, above all others, that the flowers of Indian rhetoric derive their origin. . . . The Indians are much pleased when white men whom they respect adopt their peculiar symbolical language—a circumstance of which the Jesuit missionaries did not fail to avail themselves."

We copy, also, the following striking example of Mr. Parkman's descriptive power:

"In the calm days of summer, the Ojibwa fisherman pushes out his birch canoe upon the great inland ocean of the north, and, as he gazes down into its pellucid depths, he seems like one balanced between earth and sky. The watchful fish-hawk circles above his head; and below, farther than his line will reach, he sees the trout glide shadowy and silent over the glimmering pebbles. The little islands on the verge of the horizon seem now starting into spires, now melting from the sight, now shaping themselves into a thousand fantastic forms, with the strange mirage of the waters; and he fancies that the evil spirits of the lake lie basking their serpent forms on those unhallowed shores. Again, he explores the watery labyrinths where the stream sweeps among pine-tufted islands, or runs, black and deep, beneath the shadows of moss-bearded firs; or he drags his canoe upon the sandy beach, and, while his camp-fire crackles on the grass-plot, reclines beneath the trees, and smokes and laughs away the sultry hours in a lazy luxury of enjoyment.

"But when winter descends upon the north, sealing up the fountains, fettering the streams, and turning the green-robed forests to shivering nakedness, then, bearing their frail dwellings on their backs, the Ojibwa family wander forth into the wilderness, cheered only on their dreary track by the whistling of the north wind and the hungry howl of wolves. By the banks of some frozen stream women and children, men and dogs, lie crouched together around the fire. They spread their benumbed fingers over the embers, while the wind shrieks through the fir-trees like the gale through the rigging of a frigate, and the narrow concave of the wigwam sparkles with the frostwork of their congealed breath. In vain they beat the magic drum, and call upon their guardian manitoes—the wary moose keeps aloof, the bear lies close in his hollow tree, and famine stares them in the face. And now the hunter can fight no more against the nipping cold and blinding sleet. Stiff and stark, with haggard cheek and shrivelled lip, he lies among the snowdrifts, till, with tooth and claw, the famished wild-cat strives in vain to pierce the frigid marble of his limbs. Such harsh schooling is thrown away on the incorrigible mind of the northern Algonquin. He lives in misery, as his fathers lived before him. Still in the brief hour of plenty he forgets the season of want, and still the sleet and the snow descend upon his houseless head."

\* "The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada. By Francis Parkman. Sixth edition, revised, with additions. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1870. 3 vols. 8vo, pp. 867 and 384.

Guizot pointed out long ago how the institutions and customs of the North American Indians illustrated those of the German barbarians; and the description given by Mr. Parkman affords some further points of comparison. The well-known expression of Tacitus (Germ. VII.), "*Reges ex nobilitate, duces ex virtute sumunt* (they choose their kings by birth, their chiefs for merit)" finds an exact parallel. "The sachem is the civil chief, who directs the counsels of the tribe, and governs in time of peace. His office, on certain conditions, is hereditary [descending often by the female line, another point of partial analogy with German usages]; while the war-chief, or military leader, acquires his authority solely by personal merit, and seldom transmits it to his offspring. Sometimes the civil and military functions are discharged by the same person, as in the instance of Pontiac himself" (vol. ii., p. 217, note). It was these war-chiefs, *duces* (rather than the hereditary kings, *reges*), says Guizot, that led the bands of German invaders into the Roman empire.

An analogy with the classic institution of *hospes* is found in the interesting story (vol. i., p. 334) of the friendly attachment conceived by an Ojibwa chief, Wawatam, for the trader Alexander Henry—an attachment which resulted in saving Henry's life. Another interesting class of enquiries—that of the family origin of political associations—is illustrated by the social institution, described in vol. i., p. 4, of the division of Indian communities into clans, "independently of their local distribution into tribes, bands, and villages," each clan having its emblem or *totem*. We say this illustrates the discussion rather than that it upholds any special view; the clan here was not developed into a nationality, as appears to have been the case in some communities. Again, the description of the religious belief of the Indians, on p. 39, might very well apply to the primitive belief of the Greeks and Romans. "To the Indian mind, all nature was instinct with deity. A spirit was embodied in every mountain, lake, and cataract; every bird, beast, or reptile, every tree, shrub, or grass blade, was endued with mystic influence; yet this untutored pantheism did not exclude the conception of certain divinities, of incongruous and ever-shifting attributes." We do not mention these points of resemblance as showing identity of origin, or any borrowing of ideas and institutions; they only afford another proof of a still deeper fact, the *essential* identity of human nature, and its tendency under similar circumstances to produce similar results.

The additions to the present edition are chiefly in the form of foot-notes, giving copious extracts from a mass of correspondence of officers and others, recently added to the British Museum. They contain, among other things, "the proposal of the commander-in-chief [Sir Jeffrey Amherst] to infect the hostile tribes with the small-pox, and that of a distinguished subordinate officer to take revenge on the Indians by permitting an unrestricted sale of rum."

#### CURTIVS'S HISTORY OF GREECE.\*

THE German scholars have done more than those of any other nation to advance the knowledge of Greek history. They have investigated every point and question belonging to it with characteristic diligence and thoroughness. They have covered the entire field with special treatises of the highest value. But, strangely enough, until of late they have left it to the English to treat the history of Greece as a whole. For the comprehensive works of Thirlwall and Grote, they had none to show of similar extent and character. This deficiency Professor Curtius has undertaken to supply. His "*Griechische Geschichte*," published in three volumes, from 1857 to 1866, presents a connected view of the Grecian world, in its history and progress, from the earliest times to the loss of national independence. It is a work of acknowledged merit, which does credit both to the scholarship of its author and to his literary powers. It has not, indeed, the fulness of its last and greatest English predecessor; yet the difference in this respect is not so wide as might at first be imagined. The three volumes of the German book seem likely to make five in the translation—five stout duodecimos of some five hundred pages each. Grote, in the American reprint, has twelve duodecimos; but a large fraction of the space is occupied with the notes, of which Curtius has scarcely any.

This want of notes we must regard as a defect of the book before us, considered even with reference to the general reader. He needs to know the principal authorities for the narrative he is reading; and in Grote he

cannot help seeing their names, as cited at the foot of each page. He needs to know whether the statements of the author are admitted and certain, or doubtful and controverted. It has always seemed to us one of the chief advantages of Grote's history, that the reader is made to understand so clearly the nature of the ground over which he is passing. If this is of questionable soundness, the notes warn him of the fact, by presenting the dissentient opinions of other writers and the arguments on which they rest. In Curtius, on the contrary, he is carried smoothly along over all manner of difficulties and uncertainties; not because the author has any wish to hide the real condition of the track, but because the notes in which he might show it, without breaking in on the course of narration or description, were excluded by the plan of the work. We have the same complaint to make of Mommsen's "*History of Rome*," which belongs to the same series of hand-books. The value of that great work would be largely increased by a series of notes which should give constant references to authorities, point out what is peculiar in the author's views, and defend them from actual or possible objection.

In the volume under review, the want of such notes is the more sensibly felt from the nature of its contents. It is occupied mainly with what may be called the ante-historical history of Greece. It deals with times concerning which we have no knowledge, obtained, directly or indirectly, from contemporaneous documents. What the Greeks believed in regard to those times was a mass of legendary stories, remarkable for extent and variety. In their treatment of these stories, there is a wide difference between Grote and Curtius. The former gives them a place in his history, rehearsing them, with all their intermixture of supernatural persons and events, just as they were accepted by the Greeks themselves. He does so because these tales, having possession of the Greek mind, exerted a sensible influence on the conduct of the people, on the course of their history and politics, in later periods. He does not attempt to extract history out of them by critical process. That there may be historical elements among them, he is ready to admit; but he denies, in general, that there are any criteria by which these elements can be distinguished from the fancies and inventions with which they are mingled. It is only where they receive confirmation from the facts of recorded history—as the legends which relate to Ionian and Dorian migrations—that he treats them as furnishing material for the historian. Curtius, on the other hand, does not give the legends themselves; but many of his statements are founded upon them, the fact stated being regarded as implied in the legend, as necessary to account for its existence or character. This method, however, is attended with serious dangers. It gives wide room for subjective tendencies. What one finds in the myths depends very much on what he brings to them. Whatever ideas he may have formed as to the primitive states and early changes of Greece, he can always find confirmation for them in this huge aggregate of confused and fluctuating traditions.

The view of primitive Greek times set forth in this volume is largely affected by a theory which the author himself proposed, more than fifteen years ago, in his essay entitled "*Die Ionier vor der Ionischen Wanderung*," and which is not yet accepted by many of those who are best able to judge it. Everybody knows that a large and important section of the Greek race was settled on the western sea-coast of Asia Minor and in the neighboring islands. Their establishment in these regions was ascribed by the unanimous voice of Greek tradition to a colonization from European Greece, and especially from Attica, from whence the so-called Ionian migration was supposed to have taken place about ten centuries before the Christian era. But Curtius is persuaded that, for many ages prior to that time, Greeks—Ionian Greeks—were occupants of the Asiatic coast, that the Ionians of European Greece were colonists from Asia, and that those who took part in the Ionian migration, just mentioned, were only returning to their native seats to find in Asia a population more nearly akin to them than the Æolians and Dorians whom they left in Europe. It is true that Greek tradition knows nothing about any such primeval Ionians of the Eastern world. But Curtius finds them in the stories of Cecrops and Danaus and Cadmus and Pelops, whom he holds to have been real Ionians, though described in the myths as Egyptian, Phœnician, Phrygian, because they chanced to have been in these countries before they came to Europe. We see here how elastic these legends are in the hands of the historical critic, and how readily they lend themselves to the requirements of his theories.

Curtius is strong as a geographer. The power which he showed in his earlier book on Peloponnesus appears again in this history. The descriptions of mountain ranges, river valleys, sea-coasts, and other natural features of the Greek lands, are exceedingly vivid; and the effects produced by the formation of the country on the civil and social relations of the

\* "*The History of Greece*. By Professor Dr. Ernst Curtius. Translated by Adolphus William Ward, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge; Professor of History in Owens College, Manchester." Vol. I. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 634 Broadway. 1871. 12mo, pp. 509.



people are exhibited in a very striking manner. As a political thinker, it is no disparagement to Curtius if we find him inferior to Grote. For in this respect Grote stands by himself, without equal or rival among all who have written about Greek history. His strong grasp of the actual world, his power of conceiving the practical operation of political forces and institutions, his knowledge of politics, present and past, on which he can always draw for illustrations of Greek affairs—are points of superiority which even those must recognize who can least sympathize with his democratic tendencies. They make his book an indispensable help, a perennial fountain of instruction for the scientific student of politics. It should be added that Curtius, if not so much a friend of democracy as Grote, is yet thoroughly liberal in his thinking, and sympathizes with Athens as against Sparta in the great struggle between them, which decided the destinies and ruined the hopes of Greece.

The volume before us, the first of the translation, brings the history of European Greece to about the year 500 B.C. The general reader will find it less interesting than those which are to follow it. Occupied mainly with the movements of population and the changes of institutions, it has little to say of individual men, their characters and actions, their successes and failures. But from this time on, the material becomes more abundant, and the writer will be able to give his narrative the charm of a personal interest.

In his English translator, Curtius has been less fortunate than Mommsen. The German style of the latter, though singularly vivid and expressive, has not the easy flow, the grace and clearness, which mark that of Curtius. But one who judged from the translations only, would be apt to think of the two writers as having quite the contrary relation. Dickson's Mommsen is easier reading, Ward's Curtius decidedly harder, than the original. We note a few points which have struck us in turning over the volume. On page 9, "*complexes of land*" seems a strange expression for the immense plains which are intersected by the Ural range: the German here has *Landmassen* (masses or bodies of land). On page 21 occurs "the *multiplicitous* formation of its territory;" where *various* or *diversified* would have been more English. On page 35, we read: "The character of the Doric dialect becomes more clearly marked by contrasting with it the Ionic form of [the] language, with which countries with a long extent of coast line are especially familiar." The words italicized would be more literally and adequately rendered: "Which had its home chiefly in long stretches of coast-land." On page 135, the translation speaks of "the northern shore of the Corinthian Gulf," where the southern shore is evidently referred to. The original has "the northern shore [of Peloponnesus] along the Corinthian Gulf." On page 228, we find: "It is true that [the] natural boundaries could *impossibly* be more accurately defined than there," etc.; which may be corrected by changing *impossibly* to *nowhere*. It is said, page 307, that "in Argolis the mighty popular movement . . . first made way," which would suggest the idea that it yielded or receded. The meaning is, "first found a course for itself," "first broke out in action" (*sich zuerst Bahn gebrochen*). And in the next sentence we read of "a royal power, which seemed to terminate in a new course the history of the entire peninsula." The German says simply, "to give a new turn (*eine neue Wendung zu geben*) to the history of the entire peninsula." On page 17, it is stated that "From Thermopylae straight across to the Corinthian Gulf the distance is less than six miles." A footnote says that these are *geographical* miles, by which the English reader would naturally understand *English* geographical miles, sixty to the degree of latitude; whereas the German miles have four times this length, and the distance described in the text is twenty-four geographical, or twenty-eight statute, miles.

#### THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

*Lippincott's* is the April magazine which is best worth the attention of such magazine readers as are of the better sort. It is in fact very well worth the attention of readers who are not to be classed among magazine-readers at all. The opening article is one entitled "Wild Ireland," by a writer who gives his name as B. Doubavaud, a signature new to our periodical literature, and though apparently not very much used to the pen, nevertheless succeeds in throwing over his simple narration of sufficiently commonplace events, and his account of personages not at all unfamiliar, a good deal of the charm which makes William Carleton's stories so admirable and so taking. Mr. Doubavaud, going into the wild west of Ireland, makes the acquaintance of an amiable parish priest, of a common enough type, who is the guide and pastor of a few poor peasants living among bogs

and mountains close upon the sea. Here he hunts and fishes with the priest, listens to the people's talk, and notes their ways, or sits over the turf fire with his reverence, who is not above brewing punch, and who tells stories, comical or tragical. With this kind of writing we are all familiar, or rather we are all familiar with similar scenes and incidents and personages; for, as for Mr. Doubavaud's way of handling them, it is very unconventional and without art, and extremely agreeable in its unliterary naturalness. Not that what he gives us is much, but there is something unfailingly pleasant in the contemplation of the sort of simple life which such sketches as these depict.

On a very much higher level is the third article in the magazine, a translation of Ivan Turgeneff's tale entitled "Mou-mou." Like everything of Turgeneff's, it is deeply tragical; but, as is often the case with this writer, there is a poetical element which relieves the sombreness, and which brings it about, as we think we find, that the effect which he produces is not, on the whole, depressing; unprosperous and sad though his conclusions may be. Perhaps it is that he so surely in every case gives us, amid much that may be base, sordid, cruel, and unhappy, some aspect of human nature which is so lovely or so strong that we cannot but feel in the end elevated and strengthened. Even the cruel inscrutableness of fate, and man's subserviency to it—a thought very familiar to Turgeneff's mind—is in a way very elevating and strengthening, to many natures at least. And were it not, we should say that this writer has never presented it without, as we have said, giving us at the same time some vivid presentation of some beautiful or strong quality in the victim which causes us to rise unsaddened and even braced. This is to be truly tragical in the best sense. Compare, or rather contrast, with this the effect produced by the reading of another great master of the sombre and tragical, Hawthorne. Turgeneff's very great merits as a poet, as a delineator of character, as a thinker, and as a story-teller it would be well if our reading public appreciated more fully than it does. This tale of "Mou-mou" is a simple little thing as regards its story, and will be best enjoyed by readers who have some training in the reading of poetry, and not so much enjoyed by those who care more for novels strictly so-called. These latter may better begin with some of the larger works. "Mou-mou" treats of some passages in the life of a Russian serf, a gigantic deaf-mute, Garassim by name. It is exquisitely pathetic and beautiful with true beauty, both in the few and slight details and in the main conception. We hope the editor of *Lippincott's* may have more such in store, and that the demand for them may justify the publication of many of them. Perhaps this may be doubtful. Still, we are of opinion that about one-half, or say two-thirds, of the present number of vapid, abortive little love-stories which our magazines furnish us, would abundantly supply the whole demand. How many stories, now, for instance, like "He, She, and It"—a dismal little piece of unreality and weakness in this same number of *Lippincott's*—should the *Atlantic*, *Galaxy*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, and *Old and New* give us in the course of a twelvemonth?

But the article which will most interest the men whom our editors, catering for the feminine audience which they seem to have in view, still retain among their readers, is an essay with the title "Charles Francis Adams." There is, perhaps, a little less of Mr. Adams in the body of the essay than the title of it would promise, for the author has taken occasion to give a brief digest of the political history of the State of Massachusetts in the days when the famous old Free-Soil party was in existence, and in those later days and worse days when the men who now control Massachusetts merged the Free-Soil party in the Republican. Apparently the writer was a part of that which he relates; and it is plain to be seen that for some of the men of whom he speaks he entertains a most sincere contempt. As a result of his knowledge and of his indignation, we get a highly readable essay. Not that there is any violence in it, or anything that seems to us unjust or unduly harsh or in any way undignified. On the contrary, it is dignified and restrained, and, it seems to us, perfectly fair as well as able. It is, indeed, a very good paper, both for its matter and for the feelings it expresses as well as for the manner of its expression, and may be profitably read by various people.

It begins by recounting that Mr. Adams was born in Boston, in 1807; that, still an infant, he was taken abroad by his father, and that when he was ten years old he was sent home to receive his education in his native country. He graduated at Harvard College in the summer of 1825, and in 1828 was admitted to the bar. At about that day, politics had got down to the Jacksonian level, and the time had nearly come, whose coming has since been so much lamented, when young men of high character and sound learning had begun to decline to become candidates for public

honors and trusts, and Mr. Adams's early manhood was spent among his books. Connected as his family had been with the history of the country, it was next to inevitable that his studies should be in politics and statesmanship. He wrote for the newspapers also, and at one time in his life he even occupied, for a few months, an editorial chair; but publishing a pamphlet would seem to have been his usual way of exerting an influence on his fellow-citizens. Not long after 1840, when Mr. Adams was thirty-three years old, Boston, the capital of the Whig party—the Boston of the Lawrences and Amorys and Winthrops and Everetts and Ticknors, who used to spin cotton and disbelieve in State rights and send Mr. Webster to Washington—began to have two sorts of Whigs. Cotton Whigs was the name of one sort and Conscience Whigs of the other, and to these last Mr. Adams belonged. “The Cotton Whigs,” says our author—speaking of the year 1841, when, everywhere, talk had begun to be made about annexing Texas, and when Mr. Adams was in the Massachusetts House of Representatives—“the Cotton Whigs, whose policy was to say little and act stealthily, could scarcely be said to have a leader in the State legislative halls; and if they had it would be scant charity now to revive his name. Of the Conscience Whigs, no name told for more than that of Charles Francis Adams.” The essay goes on to give, with some minuteness, the story of the struggle between those Massachusetts Whigs who were opposed to the extension of slavery and those who, for various reasons, some honorable and some not honorable, some neither honorable nor dishonorable except as timidity and want of brains are dishonorable, were earnest that the North should stop talking about the negro and its duty to him; should be charitable in its view of such acts as the South might find it necessary to do for the conservation of its peculiar institution; and, meantime, should itself strictly observe the Constitution.

There was enough of latent hostility between the two sections of the party before 1845, but it was not until that year that there was an open quarrel. The Southern politicians had then not quite carried to a successful termination their plan of annexing Texas, and there was, on the part of certain Massachusetts men, the strongest desire to save, if that were possible, the committal of the party to the scheme dictated by the Southerners. Should it turn out not to be possible, they had pretty well determined that there should be a new party. Mr. Adams, Mr. E. R. Hoar, Mr. Stephen C. Phillips, Mr. Henry Wilson, Mr. Charles Sumner, Mr. Charles Allen, of Worcester, were the Conscience Whigs who had come to this decision; and they by and by offered to the Cotton Whigs so incontestable a proof of their sincerity—a proof, indeed, so almost incredible to the Boston of thirty years ago—as gathering together in council with “abolitionists” and the people of the Liberty party. The gentlemen above-mentioned, with one or two more, among whom was Mr. J. G. Palfrey, the historian of New England, met in consultation with Mr. Whittier, Mr. Wendell Phillips, Mr. Garrison, Mr. John Pierpont; and it was decided to raise a committee of fifty and organize meetings which should call out an expression of opinion on the merits of the annexation scheme. This was really the death of the Whig party, and was more or less clearly seen to be such by the Cotton Whigs, who at once began making such an exhibition of “bloodthirsty love of life” as is still very well remembered by every one old enough to remember anything of the politics of that day. In 1847, the Free-Soilers, as the members of the new party called themselves, met in convention at Buffalo, Mr. Adams being put in the chair, and made their first nomination of a candidate for the presidency. It was not a nomination of good omen, Mr. Van Buren's being the name selected; and the Massachusetts men who consented to the choice of that gentleman, saturated as he was with the reek of New York politics, may very likely have bethought themselves of the omen when, a few years afterwards, the control of the party of freedom in Massachusetts was got out of the hands of men like Mr. Adams and Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Hoar by men like Mr. Banks, Mr. Barlingame, and Mr. Wilson. “A worse thing than defeat,” says our writer, “befell the generous Free-Soil party of Mr. Adams's State. There was a portion of it too impatient of present ill success. . . . It soon appeared that Mr. Wilson and some others differed from Mr. Adams and some others in respect to the further course incumbent on the baffled friends of freedom. Mr. Adams had great faith in principles, and not so much in expedients, and in some sorts of plausible expedients he had no faith whatever. Mr. Wilson looked more to quick achievement, and was less averse to instrumental inconsistencies and indirections.” Rather plainer language the writer uses further on, where he speaks of the time when Mr. Wilson, while the regular candidate of the Free-Soilers for the governorship of Massachusetts, withdrew himself from the service of his party a fortnight before the election, and presently was made senator.

Plain language, too, is that which he uses when he speaks of the famous coalition between the new Free-Soil leaders and the Democrats which made Mr. Boutwell governor, and gave us his gubernatorial address in defence of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and which, by the way, did not—as many have said that it did—make Mr. Sumner senator. The Democrats were not true to their engagement, says our author, and Mr. Sumner was elected, after many weeks of struggle, by a change in the vote of a certain Whig representative whose constituents “instructed” him.

However, we are devoting too much space to this instructive essay, which should itself be read. Alike by what it tells of the character and labors of the eminent citizen who has on so many occasions done his country such able service that he has probably the best title to be considered the foremost of living Americans—alike by what it tells of his courageous, high-minded, patriotic life, and by what it reveals of the men who in our most enlightened State have taken the place of him and his like, this essay is to be commended to attention. It will be a good day when we see the last of certain tottering reputations which the people are just now beginning to inspect, and this writer in *Lippincott's* has here done something to bring it on a little sooner. We hope he will do more work of the same kind. He does not tell his name; but it is apparent that he has an intimate knowledge of the means and methods by which their present place was obtained by a dozen or so of men who, for the last fifteen years, have been disgracing our politics. Nothing hurts these men like the out-and-out truth clearly stated. When we see General Butler returned to Congress from the oldest settled part of the country of the Puritan founders, one is ready to abate one's hopes of reform. But still the truth is an overmatch for any of them. And we may profitably remember that if there had not been some plain speaking from various quarters, General Butler would be a good deal surer than he is of being Governor of Massachusetts next winter, and would not be so willing to give up Washington for that purpose.

In the *Atlantic*, Mr. Fields has more to tell about Hawthorne. We confess, for our part, to liking that author less with each month's disclosures concerning him; which is perhaps a confession that Mr. Fields is doing the public a service in making them. It appears to us that Mr. Fields's judgment was sound when nine years ago he suppressed Hawthorne's description of Lincoln. To our mind it does little credit either to its author's taste or his discernment.

Mr. Henry James brings to an end his story, to call it so, of “A Passionate Pilgrim.” Like everything else of his, it is done with care and pains, and with literary skill. Perhaps with a literary skill which is somewhat too obvious in some passages to suit some tastes; but to us enjoyable—and often very highly enjoyable. This of the outside merely. We cannot say that we think Mr. James has succeeded with the weightier matters. Clearly it is not skilful in a novelist who would have us believe in the existence of his personages to draw character as the characters of the three Searles are here drawn. The only person who gives the reader the impression of being a probable human being is the man who wheels the Bath chair about. Searle, the passionate pilgrim, is a man with no root of will in him, who at first pursues pleasure with profuse carelessness, and then, having reduced himself to poverty or something near it, allows his later years to slip away, he drifting and dreaming and aimless, tired of himself, and taking a sort of sick satisfaction in confessing to himself that he is a failure, dying slowly from mere inanition apparently, and having, at the time when we make his acquaintance, only this left of his old capacity for enjoyment—that he passionately feels the charm of the old, the settled, the calmly beautiful, that breathes repose into all his being. England, rural England, with nothing to remind one of that stir and stress of life which in new, busy, practical America constantly offends his sense of beauty, and tells him, too, of the failure he had made; England with her green lanes of immemorial age, with its abbeys, with its softer and more sheltering skies than ours, is what he craves. To England he has gone, then, and is there resting his weary soul when the story-teller discovers him. Now in all this there seems to be nothing that does not well reflect a certain state of feeling with which the American, especially if he be of imaginative and artistic mind, is often apt to regard the old country. But Mr. Searle stands for this alone; except this there is nothing of him; he is the mere incarnation of this one human trait. The other Mr. Searle, too, taxes credulity. So, too, are the main incidents of the story improbable, and two or three of them needlessly clumsy in their improbability; as for instance the deaths of both the cousins; the fierceness and unreasonableness of the elder of them; the behavior of Miss Searle.



Miss Searle, by the way, is, in this respect at least, like most of Mr. James's heroines, that the account given of her—we do not mean of her personal appearance, which is, as usual, done with skilful particularity—will not please his female readers. Why not, it would be difficult, but doubtless not impossible, to tell; as it would be difficult but not impossible to explain how it happens that Mr. James's heroines are more recollectable than his heroes. But we have not space to enter on a discussion of these matters here.

"Count Rumford," by Mr. Edmund Quincy, is an agreeable article, which treats of a man who begins to be better known to his countrymen than he has been, and which calls the attention of readers to the excellent work by Dr. G. E. Ellis, who has written and compiled the Yankee Count's biography. Another good article is that by Mr. J. K. Hosmer on Prussia. "The Giant in the Spiked Helmet" is the title of it. We should call it too enthusiastic in its praises. We submit that, after all, we need not insist on all the world turning Prussian just yet.

Mr. "Mark Twain" bids farewell to the readers of the *Galaxy* this month, and will be regretted by a good many of them, ourselves, we confess, among the number. For while, like all other professional "American Humorists"—about as odd a profession, by the bye, as has ever been seen—he was sometimes rather vulgar and rather low, he has on several occasions told some extraordinarily good stories, and said some very good things, and given a deal of not very refined, perhaps, but on the whole harmless amusement to a large number of people. Mr. Donn Piatt takes "Mark Twain's" place. For the rest, the *Galaxy* contains more of Mr. Justin McCarthy's novel of "Lady Judith," another of his regular articles on various European celebrities—Victor Emmanuel being the one this time; some chapters of Major De Forest's "Overland;" something about Mont Cenis; something about Captain Hall and the Arctic expedition which he is now making; and various other articles of the kind usually found in this magazine. The "Types of American Beauty" are no longer to be given, it would appear; and we have in this number a portrait of "Carl Benson." So far as we can judge from the tone of our American exchanges, we should say that there is widespread rejoicing over the discontinuance of the former series of pictures, and a prevalent desire that the editors will stop the latter also, and leave their contributors at peace.

We do not find that the other magazines of the month contain much that is of interest to any but the special readers of each. Mr. John Bigelow had a lucky subject, one would have thought, in "A Breakfast with Alexander Dumas," but makes little of it in *Scribner's Monthly*, the fault being partly in Dumas, it would seem, who did not distinguish himself on the occasion. *Scribner's* has also an illustrated article which may very likely be interesting to those who recollect about the finding of antique silver at Hildesheim one or two years since, and who have not access to any other pictures of the vases. They are here not ill-done. *Old and New* has some agreeable "Reminiscences of Brook Farm," written by a lady. It has, too, a little story by Mr. F. W. Loring, a young writer of good gifts, and, if "capable of improvement," as they say, capable too of making it, as this story appears to show. The dialogue is handled well and dramatically.

*Rehearsals. A Book of Verses.* By John Leicester Warren, author of "Philoctetes." (London: Strahan & Co. 1870.)—The intrinsic merit of this volume of Mr. Warren's would hardly entitle it to a word of passing commendation, and that of a negative rather than a positive kind. No more would the merit of that volume of his which next preceded this—"Philoctetes," namely. But the last page or two of "Rehearsals" contain testimony from various influential quarters which is worth the attention of those American readers of "Philoctetes" who are also readers of English critical journals. The *Spectator*, it appears, found that work "a fine poem, beautiful in detail, powerful as a whole; leaving the same impression of sad majesty upon us as many of the finest Greek dramas themselves; combining the self-restrained and subdued passion of the antique style with here and there a touch of that luxuriance of conception, and everywhere that wider range of emotions and deeper love of natural beauty, characteristic of the moderns." In other words, it is an ill-executed attempt at realizing a conception impossible of realization, and which it would not occur to any but a much-mistaken man to try to realize. "It might have been taken for Mr. Matthew Arnold's," the *Spectator* goes on, "but for a less supremely intellectual, a profounder ethical and moral essence, than it usually pleases him to embody." Certainly so far as its tediousness goes, "Philoctetes" might have been done by the author of "Merope"; but Mr. Arnold is a man very greatly the

superior of our author in point of ability. "Supremely intellectual," however, is a strange characterization of him. And as for his ever doing much in the way of embodying any "ethical and moral essence" in his literary performances, no one who should read them—say in conjunction with the poems of Arthur Clough—could fail to note the world-wide difference between intellectual dissatisfaction with the world, accompanied by the profoundest and most earnest craving for moral and religious truth, and that intellectual dissatisfaction which is a dilettante sort of playing at despair, and is accompanied by no true moral or religious striving of any kind.

"In careful structure of plot," says the *Saturday Review*, "in classic chasteness of style and language, in nice and exact interweaving of part with part, in finish and completeness of the whole, 'Philoctetes' is worthy to be named in the same day with 'Atalanta in Calydon,' although the latter is entitled to a marked precedence." It is, indeed, entitled to a very marked precedence; for faded as it is now, it did once have in some parts of it a life of its own. "There is fine poetry in 'Philoctetes,'" said the *Reader*, "but it is the song of despair." "That desolate old Greek idea of the hopeless misery of man," said the *London Review*, "and clothed by our anonymous author in language of great beauty and power." The *Athenæum* is careful, and remarks that "with pains and maturer art, the writer may produce what will endure."

In view of these critical remarks, it might be giving sound advice to the British critic of imaginative works to recommend him, before he lays in any larger supply, to get off his shelves some of the score or two of shop-worn poets of recent appearance, who when they were new were each one after the other going to be the coming man and set the world on fire. But our real affair at present is not with British criticism of imaginative works, insufficient, and untrustworthy, and radically disappointing as so much of it is. We wish rather to avail ourselves of this opportunity to remind some of our readers of the worse fault than incompetency and want of insight which is still affecting a good deal of English criticism of American books. What explains the *Athenæum's* recent notice of Mr. Howells's "Suburban Sketches" as one of the most pleasing books of Italian travel which the *Athenæum's* reviewer had ever had the fortune to come upon? Mr. Howells's two previous books were about the most pleasing books of Italian travel which are to be met with; but the book the *Athenæum* was reviewing deals with what of Italy is to be seen in Cambridge and Cambridgeport and the city of Boston and the neighboring region, and the editor of the *Athenæum* should put that reviewer to his purgation. Or what explains this performance of the *Saturday Review's*? Some years ago, Little & Brown, of Boston, undertook to prepare a thoroughly good edition, in English, of one of the famous books of the world, "Plutarch's Morals." Professor Goodwin, of Harvard, choosing as a basis a certain noted London edition as the best extant, set to work upon it, and by dint of much hard labor, extending over many months, he succeeded in reducing to order and intelligibility an English text probably as corrupt as any ever set up by English compositors. The original translation had been the work of many "hands"—tutors and fellows of English universities, hack translators in Grub Street garrets, gentlemen of the Inns of Court—and represented many degrees of carelessness and ignorance as well as much good scholarship. Mr. Goodwin's careful handling of it, his preservation of the good and amendment of the bad, produced out of the London hodgepodge a very valuable work, whose appearance in its new dress was something of an event in the scholarly world. The *Review*, in briefly noticing it, regrets that Messrs. Little & Brown found it necessary to employ several hands! "Rather a Yankee sort of a thing to do"—is that what the reviewer means to imply?

As for Mr. Warren's "Rehearsals," which we were to speak about on this occasion, we have little to say. The poems are elegantly phrased, but they are in few and unimportant respects better than the general run of the ordinary verse-maker. The latter has usually had less education than Mr. Warren's working up of Greek themes, such as "The Death of Heracles," "The Nymph's Protest," "Pandora," and the like, shows him to possess, and Mr. Warren's taste has been somewhat more chastened than is usually the case with the poets among whom we place him. But he shares with them the ability to saturate himself now with Swinburne, now with Browning, now with Tennyson, and to give us, for many pages, a weak solution composed of himself and one or the other of those authors. He shares, too, his brethren's capacity for sad, bitter, and sarcastic partings with the beloved object; and also their liability to melancholy views of the future; and a way they are getting to have, when they decide on

being "objective," of going out into the fields and making inventories of pretty or trivial natural objects. In short, Mr. Warren gives proof sufficient that journals more truly friendly to him than some from which we have quoted, would have told him that he was capable of making smooth and elegant verses, perfectly familiar, but very tedious, and certain to be often enough made whether he puts himself to any trouble or not.

*Travels in Central America; including Accounts of some Regions unexplored since the Conquest.* From the French of the Chevalier Arthur Morelet, by Mrs. M. F. Squier. Introduction and Notes by E. Geo. Squier. (New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams. 1871. 12mo, pp. 430, with illustrations.)—Though the author of these travels returned to France in 1848, and printed the account of his journeyings for private distribution, it has still been thought worthy, at this late date, of translation. Mr. Squier, to whom M. Morelet is indebted for a new lease of fame, has done good service to geography and the literature of travel in introducing to the American public one of the most interesting books of travel we have read for a long time. The author's style is agreeable and engaging, and recalls the quick sympathy with nature and sensitiveness to every impression from without of our great sentimentalist among writers on natural history, Audubon. The chief value of the book, aside from the vivid pictures of life and nature in Central America, is in giving us a good general knowledge of a portion of Guatemala which had not before been visited since the time of the Spanish conquest. So that we now have, after the labors of Waldeck and Stevens in Chiapa and Yucatan, and of the latter traveller with Mr. Squier and others in Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, a complete view of the geography of Central America.

Incited by the love of travel and the zeal of a naturalist, Chevalier Morelet gives us perhaps the best and most extended sketches of the plants and animals of this region that we possess. He adds little to our knowledge of the antiquities and geology, his allusions to the rock formations being too scanty. His descriptions are evidently truthful, as he seems penetrated with the true scientific spirit, which consists in seeing things just as they are; and the minor exaggerations now and then noticeable may be rather attributed to the influence of a sprightly style than to the arrangement of his facts. His route was from Campeachy, where the principal food of the inhabitants is sharks' flesh, by coasters to the Island of Carmen, in Lake Terminos; thence to the famous ruins of Palenque, of which he tells us nothing new. He then strikes up the largest river in Central America, the Usumasinta, whose headwaters drain the heart of Central America, inhabited by the fierce, unconquered Indians, chiefly the Choles, of whose towns and national energy and hardihood the wildest rumors have found their way to the coast on either side of the Isthmus. Leaving the river, he skirts the unknown country of the Choles, reaching Lake Itzac; thence striking southwards across the country to the City of Guatemala.

In all these journeyings, he does not fail to bring out in clear relief the great and sudden differences between the torrid plains, the savannas, and the more mountainous portions, and the influence of the climate, the soil and its elevation, on the character of the aborigines; the dull, brutal, slothful, degraded Indians inhabiting the lowlands always giving way before the quicker-witted, more energetic, and more civilized highlanders. Always alive to the value of ethnographic studies, M. Morelet makes occasional reflections of great interest in relation to the relics of the ancient civiliza-

tion, which, as he hints, have no analogy to Egyptian architecture. He does much towards removing the mystery of the origin of the structures whose ruins are now scattered over the country. "Admitting that, in the year 1524, these ruins existed nearly in their present condition in the forests of Chiapa," he believes that "it by no means follows that a fabulous age and origin should be ascribed to them. When first discovered, Yucatan was a flourishing and populous country, abounding with public edifices built of hewn stones laid in mortar, the extent and beauty of which greatly impressed the Spaniards." These monuments were "of the same general style of architecture, and constructed on the same principles, and in conformity with the same rules of art," as those of Palenque. He suggests that "the analogy can no longer be denied between these ruins and the monuments of Mexico, which tradition attributes to the Toltecs." These people, "in the middle of the seventh century, were in possession of Anahuac, where civilization peaceably developed itself. Later, about the year 1052, they abandoned this region and emigrated in a southeasterly direction—that is to say, into the provinces of Oaxaca and Chiapa," and about this time he believes Palenque to have been founded. This Toltec race, "whose gentleness of character and whose religion remained long unchanged, even under the influence of the Aztecs," is not yet "extinct in Guatemala, where it constitutes, in the mountainous regions, a proud but, nevertheless, laborious and industrious population, which glories in its ancient origin."

Morelet adds a word of caution as to overestimating the degree of civilization of these races who had no written language—"who did not understand the use of iron; who possessed neither flocks nor beasts of burden." He adds "that the ruins of Palenque have been, perhaps, too much eulogized. They are magnificent, certainly, in their antique boldness and strength; they are invested by the solitude which surrounds them with an air of indescribable but imposing grandeur; but I must say, without contesting their architectural merit, that they do not justify, in their details, all the enthusiasm of archaeologists. It is the descendants of these partially civilized Toltecs, who are considered as lower in the scale of humanity than the negro, who are steadily driving the Spaniards out of Central America."

With the Lacandones or Caribs our author had but slight experience. They are said, by Waldeck, to be idolaters, intense liars, and, in former times, to have been cannibals, the priests now confining them to a monkey diet, as being the next best thing. Morelet also does good service by effectually disposing of the rumors widely entertained by the people of Guatemala and Chiapa, as well as Yucatan, and occasionally bruited about by returned Central Americans, of the existence of a mysterious city, inhabited by the Indians who still live in the centre of Peten, as they did of old, pursuing all their ancient habits and practices. The story is, of course, a pure invention.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Art, No. 9, March, 1871, swd.....	(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 1 25
Bascom (Prof. J.), Science, Philosophy, and Religion.....	" " 1 75
Boyle (Emeralda), Thistle-Down: a Poem.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 50
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